

Sports Illustrated

JULY 24, 1981

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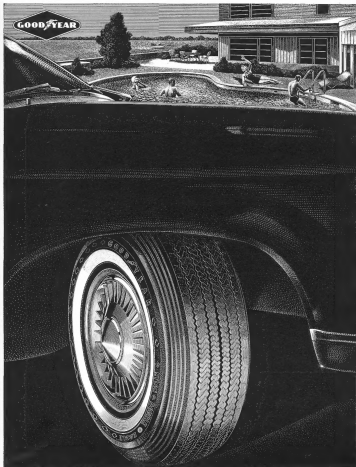
Next week

The first color pictures from the U.S.-Russian track meet, taken by Jerry Cooke, capture the exciting highlights of last week's inclusive American victory in Moscow's Lenin Stadium.

What does a novice pilot do when he finds himself trapped in a ring of clouds and haze? Perry Krauth writes the dramatic and intimate story of a flying father's hour of crisis.

The wide variety of baseball's split-second action, from a close play at home plate to a bunt-and-swing of a fast ground ball, is portrayed in a 16-page portfolio of color photographs.





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SCORECARD

BAD DEAL

Negotiations seem to be complete for the owners of Yonkers Raceway to purchase a controlling interest in Roosevelt Raceway. All that remains is for the New York State Harness Racing Commission to approve the deal. We believe it is a bad deal and that the commission should refuse to approve it.

Roosevelt and Yonkers are the two largest trotting tracks in the country. Between them, they control racing in the sport's most important and prosperous market from late March to late November. This market was monopolized once before; when it was revealed in 1953 that a single group owned both tracks, a state commission ordered the monopoly dissolved because it was clearly detrimental to the public interest.

More than a year ago, the State Investigation Commission disclosed a long list of irregularities in connection with capital improvements at the Yonkers track that were partially financed with state money. The SIC's findings were forwarded to State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz for possible prosecutions, and the state legislature was sufficiently upset to repeal the law committing state funds for capital construction at trotting tracks.

Under the circumstances, it is ridiculous that there should be serious consideration of allowing the Yonkers management to purchase control of another track. Yonkers should be obliged to clear itself of the SIC's charges as a condition of keeping its own license. Finally, any sophisticated observer of the New York racing scene knows that there are strong political forces involved in the projected deal—strong enough to force its approval by the harness commission. The final decision, therefore, will be made by Governor Nelson Rockefeller. We hope that even if his racing commission says yes, the Governor will say no.

BET \$50, LIVE LONGER

When asked their secret of longevity, octogenarians are apt to mention naps and carrots or bourbon and cigars. Mrs.

Mabel Shaw, who has just celebrated her 81st birthday at Hollywood Park race track, has another system: she believes that betting on the horses is the secret of youth. "It keeps me feeling good and keeps my mind working," she says. "It's like going to school."

Mrs. Shaw has attended every racing session at Hollywood Park since it opened on June 10, 1958 except for two days in 1954 when she was ill. (She sent a friend



to the track with her bets on that occasion and hit a \$40 winner.) She also has not missed a day of harness racing in Los Angeles and occasionally visits Santa Anita and Del Mar.

"I don't believe in systems or tips," Mrs. Shaw says. She is her own handicapper. "I'm very tired when I get home from the track in the evening, but I stay home at night and figure out my bets for the next day. Sometimes I stay up until midnight just working away." And how does she do. Like most horseplayers, Mrs. Shaw is coy. "I just got home a few minutes ago," she told a reporter the other day. "I bet eight races and had six winners. I made \$700 or \$800 one day last week, but then I might go back the next day and lose it all. If you go to the track to make money, you might as well stay home."

On a recent Thursday Mrs. Shaw put \$30 and \$100 (she never bets a mere \$2)

on horses ridden by Willie Shoemaker, her favorite jockey and lost both bets. Is she annoyed with Willie? Not at all. "Two days later," she says, "Willie rode four winners and I had them all. Willie is the cutest little doll I ever saw. His clothes are always fitted just so and his hair is neat. He always looks perfect."

A FIRM MAYBE

True to the traditions that have come to govern amateur tennis, the 56 delegates representing 41 nations at the Stockholm meeting of the International Lawn Tennis Federation registered a loud, firm maybe to the question of open tennis. Faced with a practical, workable plan (backed by the U.S., France and England) to try open tournaments next year, the meeting "agreed in principle" but preferred to wait in practice, and put the whole problem off for another year.

The decision (if decision it was) followed the pattern predicted by Martin Kiser in these pages a fortnight ago (*Open the Door, Stockholm!*, SI, July 10). The delegates' opinions ranged from the frankly pro-open views of USLTA President George Barnes ("I sincerely believe open tennis is in the best interest of the game") to the bland and casual unconcern of Pakistan's A. H. Khokhar ("We are so far away we do not really understand").

What escaped general notice, however, was the fact that the Soviet bloc may in the end decide the question of whether tennis players should be capitalists on the courts. In a close vote, the 39 ballots of the Communist countries might block the two-thirds majority necessary by federation law to change a basic rule. And how would the Soviet bloc vote? "We do not recognize professionals at all," said chief Russian Delegate Dmitri Goudarev last week. "In any socialistic system the need is for active participants, not paid entertainers."

As in many East-West arguments, this reduced the question of open tennis to one of semantics—and, oddly enough, provided some hope for a solution. As England's J. Eaton Griffin said last week, "If we do away with the words 'amateur' and 'professional' and call them all players, that automatically cuts out the need for any question of open tennis."

The final answer perhaps lies in just such a common-sense approach. The official British announcement last week that "The All-England Club will now

continued

have to give careful consideration to the nature of the championships to be held at Wimbledon in 1962" may herald the first firm application of that uncommon common sense.

A GOOD DECISION

Sonny Liston has now been suspended indefinitely by the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission because of his latest arrest in Philadelphia and despite the curious court action that freed him (see right). Critics are saying the suspension will last until his manager, George Katz, lines up a fight for him. Taking away Sonny's license when he has no prospect for a bout, they claim, is like suspending Don Drysdale for the month of December.

The critics may be right. However, it is only fair to point out that if the commission had not suspended Liston, it would have been accused by the same people of making a deal. We believe the commission made the right decision. Liston should not be allowed to fight—certainly not for the heavy-weight championship—until he demonstrates decent behavior for a reasonable period.

Twice before, in times of trouble for Sonny, clergymen have tried to help him, and have failed. Now, under the auspices of Father Edward Murphy, Liston will spend the next three months in Denver, living in the rectory of a Catholic church, learning to read and write and, hopefully, learning to become a law-abiding citizen.

ANATEURISM

This has been a fortnight of truly original jurisprudence. First there was a Philadelphia judge's decision condemning Sonny Liston (SI, July 10) because Sonny was guilty only of "errors of judgment." Now comes the news from Sweden that Olympic Runner Dan Waern has been cleared of charges of professionalism by a stretch of similarly creative thinking. Waern admitted, and Sweden's equivalent of our AAU confirmed, that on several occasions he received "relatively large sums" of money for running. But the Swedes voted, 11-0, to clear him, on the premise that other "amateurs" around the world are being paid at least as much money for competing and are not being punished.

THE WIND (CONT.)

The gusts and gales of Candlestick Park, revealed to a nationwide TV audience that watched the All-Star Game last week, were something of a shock to a lot of American Leaguists who had never played in San Francisco before. Considerably bolder than National League players, who know there is no escape, the American All-Stars were loudly critical. Roger Maris said that if he had to play 77 games in Candlestick (as the Giants do) he'd quit baseball. Rocky Colavito said he'd quit, too. Jim Gentile insisted he would never again play there. Dick Howser claimed it was the worst ball park he had ever seen. There were complaints about the fine dust that clogged players' eyes and about the way batted balls took strange, wind-blown

trajectories. Paul Richards said conditions were next to impossible, and Mickey Vernon said they were the worst in the majors.

San Francisco Giant Manager Alvin Dark had a statement, too. "There's nothing wrong with our ball park," said Dark. And then, referring to the record number of wind-induced errors in the game, he added the clincher: "It showed Little Leaguers all over the country that anybody can make mistakes." You're right, Alvin—they can and they did.

'ARDENING THE 'OOTER

To know Prizefighter Terry Downes is to know about his nose ("oome," he calls it, which is cockney for "booster") because the fortunes of one determine the fortunes of the other. If the 'ooter is caught a sharp crack, Terry often loses the fight; if not, he may win it. Last January in Boston Paul Pender fought Terry and gave the 'ooter such a sock that it bled over everything and the referee stopped the fight. Last week, in a London rematch for the world's middle-weight title (in Europe, Massachusetts and New York, at least), the odds were 7 to 4 that Pender would find the target again and retain his championship.

But Terry's ingenuity was not reckoned with. In the classic manner he soaked his 'ooter in brine to toughen it. His plan was to press a body attack against Pender, meanwhile hiding his nose, and at first he was remarkably successful. In the second round he caught Pender with a left hook to the chin and

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIMOTHY SCHNEIDER, student of naval architecture at University of Michigan, dropped Sea-Weekend Corinthian Yacht Club entry to victory in Long Island Sound women's sailing championship, qualified for the nationals in California.



ALAN JACKSON, U.S. Army lieutenant from Rolling Hills, Calif., scored 4,712.24 points in bareback riding, swimming, eventing, pistol shooting, and fencing, won the national modern pentathlon title at San Antonio without winning any single event.



MRS. WILLIAM TRACY of Essex Falls, N.J., housewife and the mother of two daughters, captured Garden State women's golf title at West Orange, N.J., defeated Chiffarette DeCaux of Montclair, 9 and 1, in a 36-hole final at Essex County CC.



ALLEN FOX, student at UCLA and a recent appointee to the U.S. Davis Cup team, won the 62nd annual Tri-State Tennis tournament at Cicemont, came home behind to defeat 940 Lenois of the University of Arizona 3-6, 6-6, 6-2, 6-1.



FRED BALDASARE of Titusville, Fla., set out from Cap Gila Nez on 25-mile swim across English Channel underdog, gave up in sight of English coast after swimming about 14 miles, complained, "I was having hallucinations and seeing double."



PAUL DEMBER of San Francisco sought winds up to 35 miles offshore while land-hugging rivals were nearly becalmed, won Boreas Elvade overnight ocean race in 35-foot sloop, Souda, repeating victory of 1961, Paul Jr. in the same yacht last year.

in the sixth wrestled him to the canvas. Still, though he suffered a cut over his right eye, Pender looked the stronger. In the eighth Pender caught Downes with lightning lefts, but the Britisher kept coming. "like a nightmare," Pender said later. In the ninth, his best round of the fight, Pender hit the "cooter" repeatedly, but it held up. Then, to the amazement of the 10,000 fans, Pender quit. "I can't let him go out," his trainer confided to the referee before the 10th round began. "I caught cold, and it took everything out of me," said Pender.

There will be a third match soon in Boston. Presumably, Downes will be picking his "cooter" in salt water from now until opening bell. And Pender (we hope) will be careful to keep his boxer clean and dry.

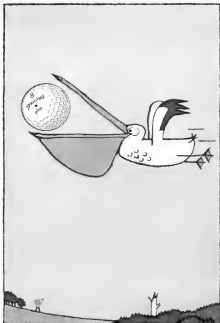
JUST A SIMPLE HORSE

On the morning of the International Trot at Roosevelt Raceway last Saturday, Driver Roger Veronyase was talking about Kracovie, the French trotting mare who is fond of goats. "Kracovie is nervous," he said. "She is not the horse she was in Europe. She is not eating and her silhouette is like that of a Paris fashion model. To be thin is all right for the girls at Dior, but not for horses. Kracovie is not a star, you understand. She is just a simple European horse. All those visitors to her barn are very bad for her."

Kracovie, meanwhile, showed no signs of nervousness at all. Nor did she later during her warmups or during the race itself. Before it started, Veronyase glowered at the sky, still dark and drizzly after a day's steady rain, and grumbled, "Pur ben." Kracovie seemed as nervous as the Eiffel Tower.

In the mile-and-a-quarter International, she met two fine U.S. trotters, Su Mac Lad and Merrie Duke, Italy's Ternese, Canada's Tie Silk and another French mare, La Charmeuse. Most of the way, Kracovie trotted easily in third place, saving ground on the rail as the American pair skirmished on ahead. Merrie Duke tired in the last turn and broke stride in the stretch. That left Su Mac Lad and the simple, underfed, over-exposed Kracovie to battle it out to the finish.

Well, the poor thing came within a nose of catching Su Mac Lad. If her condition gets any worse, she will probably beat the far out of him in this week's Challenge Cup at Roosevelt.



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THE HIGH MEET THE MIGHTY

Valeri Brumel jumped higher than anyone ever had, but U.S. track men were faster and stronger. They won a duel of giants in Moscow's Lenin Stadium.

by ROY TERRELL

For two days the sun blazed down on the crowd of 60,000 in Moscow's Lenin Stadium and on the two teams of superb athletes wearing the white uniforms and the red uniforms of the two great rival nations of the earth. This was the third dual meet between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and in excitement and achievement it far surpassed anything that had gone before.

A world record was equaled in the first running event by wondrous Wilma Rudolph. Five other world records were broken as Saturday stretched into Sunday and the meet drew toward a close. The sun disappeared, the lights came on, and down on the field a tall, handsome boy from Russia and his even taller American opponent danced through the most dramatic high-jump contest ever seen. Russia's Valeri Brumel won, and he set a world record, too. The American, John Thomas, lost but only after a marvelous effort.

The meet was a struggle worthy of the nations and athletes involved. Each side won a victory. Each side suffered a defeat. The American men outscored the Russians 124-111, the Russian women beat the American women 68-39. The men's final score almost duplicated the results at Moscow in 1958 (126-109) and at Philadelphia the next year (127-108).

America had sent a young team, its youngest ever, to face the Russians, and it performed very well. With an 18-year-old

continued

Photographs by Martin E. Brown

GRAND FINALE comes in meet's last event as Russia's prodigy Brumel clears 7 feet 4 inches to set world's record and defeat Thomas.

BUEL OF GIANTS *continued*

shotgutter from New York named Gary Gabnar winning one first place, and a 19-year-old quarter-miler from California named Lila Williams winning another, the Americans led by 10 points at the end of the first day. It was a margin the Soviets found impossible to dent.

In these same hours, while our boys were winning, our girls were getting beat. But with Wilma equaling her 100-meter world record and helping set another in the 400-meter relay—and capturing the hearts of Muscovites as she had captured the hearts of Romans—no one was too concerned over the final score.

Another memorable performance came from the American men's 400-meter relay team, which chopped almost half a second off a world record. Still another was turned in by two Russian

girls, Tatiana Sichekanova in the broad jump and Tamara Press in the discus, who added to the existing marks. And finally there was Ralph Boston, as unbelievable as ever, who broke his own world record yet again, surpassing 27 feet in the broad jump for the third time this year. And, of course, there was Valeri Brumel—who jumped 7 feet 4.

As an international athletic competition, the meet was a splendid success. As an instrument of international accord, it probably did little to settle the Berlin crisis, but otherwise it worked out just fine. The Russians were pleased to have American athletes balk in Moscow, although not always sure what to do with them, and there was not an incident worthy of the name. None of the team members mentioned disarmament or asked for a copy of *Dr. Zhivago* at the Lenin Library or threw a used caviar can-

ton into the Lenin-Stalin tomb. The exchange rate for U.S. lapel emblems and red stars held steady on the trade market at one to one, and the Americans politely refused to give up 1960 Olympic pins for those bearing Khrushchev's picture. "Man, what I couldn't do," said U.S. decathlon man Dave Edrington, "with a Jackie Kennedy button here!"

The travail of travel

But it was neither in the fields of athletics nor diplomacy that the 58 U.S. boys and girls found their greatest reward. This came when they reverted to type as that much maligned creature, the American tourist abroad. For 10 days they were amused and confused and fascinated and irritated. By the time it was over, the team was agreed that every American should visit Russia—once.

Soviet officials then got into the act

BATON HELD HIGH, PAUL DRAYTON WHIPS ACROSS FINISH IN RECORD 400-METER RELAY



ARMS PUNNING LOW, LEADER FRANK



even before the chartered Pan American DC-7C left Idlewild. The flight originally was scheduled to depart New York on Saturday evening, a week before the meet began and arrive in Moscow at 9 p.m. Sunday. At the last moment the Russians said *no*. It seemed that an air show was scheduled for Tushino Airport on Sunday afternoon, and American DC-7Cs were not invited. "We won't get there until six hours after the air show is over," Pan American told the Russians. "And, anyway, we're going into Sheremetyevo, which is across town." "No!" said the Russians, making an overnight stop in London necessary. "This means one less day for the kids to get acclimated to Moscow," said disgruntled U.S. Coach Jim Elliot.

So the American boys and girls and assorted AAU officials and coaches and journalists and a man from Wheaties,

which was co-sponsor of the ABC television report, climbed aboard.

John Thomas tried to fold his 6 feet 5 inches into a seat designed for midge-ets in the years when reidgets (and everybody) were shorter than they are now. "Man, what happened to all our jets?" he said. "When we land in Moscow in this thing," said Ralph Boston, "those cars are going to think we've invented a new kind of airplane."

It is true that American athletes have been known to complain once in a while, but it is also true that they are among the most adaptable individuals in the world. Long before the flight left the ground (it was an hour late), off had come the trim blue blazers with the brilliant U.S. patches on the pockets, and the polished shoes. In their place appeared a colorful array of sport shirts, sweat suits, man-mau dresses, sneakers

and house slippers. And, as the old Douglas groaned across the Atlantic, the team sprawled in the aisles and across the seats and slept.

In London each of the two buses carrying the squad to the Mount Royal Hotel clipped a private car. This could be par for London bus drivers, since no one got very excited. Later the team worked out in Hyde Park. The appearance of so many shiny new white sweat suits with the red-and-blue U.S.A. on their backs broke up several very important meetings on Communism and freethinking and drew a great gathering. "Where's Parry O'Brien?" asked a watcher.

The team also worked out on Monday morning at White City Stadium before a large crowd that didn't know Parry O'Brien from a petrol pump, since it had come to watch the greyhounds, not a U.S. track team.

continued

BUZZ POUNDS HIS POWERFUL WAY TO 100-METER WIN OVER TEAMMATE GRAYDON AND RUSSIA'S PROKHODOVSKI AND VINOGRADOV





TINY VALENTINA MASLOVERAYA MATCHES GRILES WITH WILMA AND LACEY O'NEAL

DUEL OF GIANTS continued

At one p.m. the flight was reboarded. At 1:15 it was unboarded. The Russian embassy had telephoned that it wanted two of its men to go along to navigate Pan American safely past vital defense establishments and mine fields.

The flight took off at 3:30. It landed in Moscow that night at 10:33, one of the few American planes ever to visit

Russia (not counting U-2s). The Russian stewardess opened it. "Tourists?" asked a uniformed proletarian with a gun at his hip. "No," answered the stewardess. "We're the American track team." The Russian looked confused. "The what?" he said. "You know," said the stewardess, "track team." And she jogged vigorously up and down. The Russian shrugged and looked around for help.

It arrived in the person of Leonid Khomenkov, who is a sort of Dan Frazier of the U.S.S.R. Khomenkov presented large bouquets of flowers to Wilma Rudolph and Ralph Boston and the Wheaties man. He also kissed Finesse Sobel of the AAU on both cheeks. "Sports," said Sobel, who had been to Berlin. "Sports," said Khomenkov.

Since no members of the American embassy showed up (there was an International Film Festival in town and they had gone to see Liz Taylor and Gina Lollobrigida), the team went into the terminal, where the whole crew waited for two hours while the Russians mixed up all the luggage.

It was a 50-minute drive to the Metropole Hotel aboard buses that had seen a good bit of prior service. One caught fire just outside the airport gate. While the driver threw open the hood, grabbed his fire extinguisher and fought the blaze, the Americans cheered and the Russian interpreter yawned.

WINE NIKITA slept

Eventually the bus rumbled on. It got lost in Red Square, three blocks from the Metropole, and there ensued a loud discussion between the driver and the interpreter that threatened to awaken Stalin. Evidently the two Russians realized they might really awaken Khrushchev, so they shut up and searched for a while and finally found the hotel at 3 a.m. "The team from where?" asked the night attendant at the front desk. Everyone was in bed by 4 a.m. The sun was rising over the steppes.

In the week that followed, the team from the U.S. discovered a lot more about the enigma known as the U.S.S.R. At Lenin Stadium, where there are locker rooms that would stir envy in the hearts of the New York Yankees, there were no towels. "Towels are for footballers," they were told. "Trackmen bring their own." The lift in the Metropole could carry an unlimited number of people up, but only three people down. There was only one menu per table in the restaurants, and only one towel per room in the hotel. There it stayed, the same towel. Food and clothing were expensive, service cheap—when service could be had. "The main concern of every waiter in the Soviet Union," explained one drunk Russian, "is to see that customers do not return."

American boys, looking for Russian girls, discovered that here, of all the places they had been, the language prob-

lern was truly insurmountable. But if the track team found out, almost immediately, that Moscow was not like home, it also discovered that the city was full of strange and frequently wonderful sights. There was a tour of the Kremlin and a visit to Moscow University with its magnificent view over the steeples and towers of the great old city. Some team members saw Gorki Park, a combination Coney Island and Central Park, and they looked in awe at the world's largest—and emptiest—freshwater swimming pool. John Thomas led a buying spree on Cosack-type fur hats (9 rubles 30 kopecks at GUM—U.S. supermarket equivalent: \$2.13) and everyone rode the famous Moscow subway.

They also had to get ready for a track meet, and by Saturday they were ready. In the first event (for complete over estimates see page 60) Rudolph floated down the red crushed-brick track in 11.3 in her record-equalling race. She had not been training very hard and she was not pushed.

A few minutes later Budd ran 10.3, beating his Villanova teammate, Paul Drayton, by a yard. For a man who had set a world 100-yard record of 9.2 just three weeks before, this was not spectacular 100-meter time, and Budd appeared to be tight. "I guess I was nervous," he said. "The first race and everything, I'll do better."

Hayes Jones won the high hurdles (he also won in 1959) by running 13.8. But he didn't pull away from the two Russians, Anatoli Michailov and Valentin Chirnikov, until the seventh hurdle, and Francis Washington, who did not get a good start, had to come fast at the end to grab third in a photo finish. Michailov, Washington and Chirnikov each ran 13.9, and the Americans had to admit that Russian hurdling had improved.

Both runners turned it on in the 400-meter-relay event. There was little doubt that the American men would win once Budd took the baton from Hayes Jones and sent the U.S. into a two-yard lead at the end of the second leg. Charles Frazier opened the gap to three yards, and Drayton created the five four yards ahead.

"The baton exchanges weren't too good," said Oliver Jackson, one of the U.S. coaches, "but they don't have to be too good when you can run like that. Those are great sprinters out there." The time was 39.1, four-tenths of a second under the old world record set by U.S. and German Olympic teams. The Rus-

sians, in furnishing such terrific competition, ran a 39.4 themselves. Their exchanges were very good—they had worked together for weeks—but their runners just weren't as fast.

The Russian women, on the other hand, were faster in the relay than the U.S. women—until they came to Wilma. Willye White led off the American team and held her ground, but both Earnestine Pollock and Vivian Brown dropped slowly back. Wilma furnished the hand-off, slowed and looked around. By the time she began to chase the Russian anchor girl, Tatyana Shchelkanova, she was fully five yards behind.

At first it appeared that this was too far even for Wilma. She closed very slowly for the first 30, 40, 50 yards. But then something happened. Wilma went zoom. She pamed Shchelkanova as if the Russian were nailed to the track and won by three yards. The time was 44.4, breaking the old record of 44.5. "That long old girl can run when she wants to," said Ralph Boston. It was estimated that Wilma had raced her 100 meters in eight seconds flat.

The only other world record for the day was the 57.43-meter (188 feet 5 inches) discus throw by Tamara Press, the Soviet amazon who set the old

continued

HUGE GARY GRENER, ONLY 18, EYES HIGH-FLYING SHOT THAT EARNED FIRST PLACE



record and who is as muscular as ever.

The most surprising women's performance, however, was a second-place finish to Russia's Taisia Chenchik by America's Barbara Brown, who high-jumped 1.65 meters (5 feet 5 inches). Barbara, who has red hair and freckles, had never jumped that high before and never expected to jump that high now. Then, in her exultation, she proceeded to jump even higher, bounding around the bright green grass of Lenin Stadium and waving her hands in the air.

Four meet records were set by the men, in addition to the world records. John Uelses, the German-born marine who is our newest pole-vaulter star, won 6.89 meters (15 feet 4½ inches), winning over another relative newcomer, Henry Wadsworth, by 3½ inches. "It was the second-best vault I've ever made," said Uelses. "I've got to get me one of those fiber glass poles," said Wadsworth.

Vitold Kreeer cut loose with the best hop, step and jump of the year, 16.68 meters (54 feet 8½ inches). Yuri Zakharov and Virkas Lembit killed off America's best 10,000-meter man, John Gutknecht, with a punishing pace before Zakharov went on to win in 29:34.4 by 220 yards. "It was too hot," said Zakharov, who has ran much faster. "Do you know what?" said Gutknecht. "I broke my own three-mile record of 14:01 by several seconds. And we were running more than six miles. That was some pace."

But perhaps the finest race of the day was turned in by Jerry Siebert in winning the 800 meters. Trailing in third place behind Russian Valeri Butyshev and teammate Jim Dupree for 1½ laps, Siebert followed as Dupree took the lead on the last turn and then outran the man who beat him in the national AAU meet. The time was 1:46.8, which equaled Siebert's best.

Uli Williams and Gary Gubner set no records, but everyone was proud of the way the two boys performed. Williams won the 400 meters, easily, in 46.7, as Adolph Flummer's starting blocks slipped and the big New Mexico runner nearly exhausted himself trying to cancel the misfortune. He finished a full five yards behind Williams, barely holding off Valentin Rakhmenev for second.

Everyone knew that Gubner would someday be something special—it was only a matter of when. As a New York schoolboy competing in indoor meets a

year ago, he could not find a gymnasium to hold him. He kept breaking windows and walls and knocking down basketball backboards with his 12-pound shotgun. Moving up to the 16-pound shot this year as a freshman at NYU, Gubner improved steadily. On Saturday he threw 60 feet 7½ inches, two inches more than Jay Silvester.

Gubner made the Moscow team because Dallas Long and Perry O'Brien decided to pass up the trip. When he got on the plane at Idlewild, his mother said: "Let us be proud of you." She should be now.

On Sunday the Americans insured the final outcome of the meet almost immediately by winning the day's first three events. Cliff Cushman, the Olympic silver medalist, took the 400-meter hurdles in 30.3. Then Budd and Drayton finished a fast one-two in the 200 meters. Budd ran 20.8, and Drayton ran four steps on the line separating his lane from the Russian next door. He was disqualified on an in-

ternational rule that is almost never invoked in the U.S. unless the offending runner interferes with another. Since Drayton was so far ahead of the nearest Russian, Pincus Seber objected mildly, but the Russian referee ruled in favor of the Russians.

A sizzling sausage

For weeks everyone had been looking forward to another Jim Beatty-Dyrol Burleson duel, this time at 1,500 meters. Beatty, who lost the last time America's two sub-four-minute men met in the AAU mile at Randall's Island, wanted revenge so fiercely that he refused to transfer his talents to the 5,000 meters, where the Americans needed such a runner far more urgently, having Jim Grelle as an able substitute in the 1,500.

The whole matter proved to be academic. Burleson gobbled up a street-corner sausage sandwich three days before the meet began and became violently nauseated. With a fever of 103° he was

MUTED PLEASURE OF JAVELIN THROWER ELENA GONCHAROVA, WHO FINISHED SECOND.



too weak to run against either Beatty or the Russians, and Gelle had to replace him in the 1,500. There he finished second, as Beatty took off like a rocket rounding the final turn, sprinted along down the stretch and set a meet record of 3:43.8.

"I hope Burleson's ready to run a fast mile in London next weekend," said Beatty. "I'll be ready," said Burleson.

Jay Silvester won the discus throw with a fine toss of 58.46 meters (191 feet 9½ inches), and our decathlon men, Paul Herman and Dave Edstrom, finished second and third behind Russian winner Yuri Kutenko.

Ralph Boston and Valeri Brumel supplied the biggest thrills. Boston's job was the simpler. Against him there was Igor Ter-Ovanesian, the fine Russian jumper who consistently goes over 26 feet and had already done 26 feet 10½ inches this year. But there is only one Boston, and he proved it right away. On his first jump he fouled. On the next he almost left Lenin

Stadium. The jump was measured at 8.28 meters, which is 27 feet 1.99 inches, 1¼ inches beyond the record he set earlier this year. The best that Ter-Ovanesian could do was 26 feet 3¼ inches.

Brumel and Thomas and Bob Avart very quickly disposed of Robert Shervillekadee, the Russian Olympic champion, at 2.05 meters (6 feet 8½ inches). Then Avart, the pole-mall high jumper, was out, at 2.16. Brumel and Thomas both cleared the height, which is about 7 feet 1 inch, on their first tries. Brumel made 2.19 (7 feet 2¼ inches) without a miss. Thomas missed once, then cleared by a wide margin. They moved the bar up to 2.24, which is two centimeters over Thomas' recognized world record. And then it began to rain.

They covered the take-off area and the crowd whistled, which is the way they do in Moscow. Thomas ran under the stadium to keep dry. The crowd whistled. Thomas reappeared and pulled off his sweat suit. The crowd cheered. Thom-

as and Brumel each missed once. Then Thomas missed again and so did Brumel, although the Russian just nudged the crossbar with his trailing leg. Thomas missed once more: this time he came as close as had Brumel—but still he missed.

So the young Russian, who had defeated the young American at Rome and three times during the indoor season in New York, had one last chance. He stood there in the rain, poised, and 60,000 people watched, for no one was about to go home. Then he drove at the bar with his vicious, determined stride, hit the take-off point and went up and up and up—and over. The stadium almost fell apart in the din.

The meet was over. There were six world records and each team won and each team lost. *Pesek and Zvereva* added the women's scores to the men's and proclaimed a Russian victory. The Americans just grinned and headed happily off to run against the Germans and English and Poles.

END

CONTRASTS WITH OVERST JOY OF 400-METER RELAY WINNERS JONES, BUDO, FRAZIER AND ORAYTON, WHO SET A WORLD RECORD



ARNIE GETS THE ONE HE WANTED

Helped by two fantastic shots, Palmer overcame filthy weather and a ferocious course to win one of golf's classic championships, the British Open

by HENRY LONGHURST



There were gale winds, torrential rains, and sandy dunes covered by a nasty, knotty little bush called willow scrub. But impossible Arnold Palmer conquered them all last week to win the British Open. "I wanted this championship more than anything in my life," he said when it was all over, "but anything

you want real bad is awfully hard to get."

It had indeed been hard to get. Yet it would have been a travesty if anybody else had won, for the world's best golfer dominated this 101st British Open as it has not been dominated since that other American, Ben Hogan, won in 1953.

No better setting could have been

found for the exhibition of Palmer's immense muscular power and inner fortitude than the links of the Royal Birkdale Golf Club, hard by the Irish Sea, near Liverpool, on the coast of Lancashire. Many of the trees are high up on the sand hills, exposed to the full fury of winds that steadily lash the area.

Continued on page 46



THE DUNHOLE DUNES of Royal Birkdale. (Shaded area each shelter in Gary Player)





Barks but No Bite

The two big four-masted barks looked as formidable as a pair of sharks in a school of mackerel at the start of the 22nd Transpacific yacht race. But even though they were in the race, the Japanese training vessels *Kaiwo Maru* and *Nippon Maru* were not out for blood. They had joined the 40-odd lesser sailboats on the 2,250-mile run from Los Angeles to Honolulu as noncompeting guests of the fleet. As far as anyone knew, they had no hostile intentions toward the competitors or—for that matter—Pearl Harbor.

Photograph by Phil Buck

GOLF, DIXIELAND AND DIRTY RICE

The two Hebert brothers bring the charm of the bayous to the PGA, a tournament they both have won

by RAY CAVE

Twice in the past four years, while the Palmers, Hogans and Sneads have competed in vain, the venerable and much esteemed Professional Golfers' Association championship has been won by one or the other of a pair of personally engaging and remarkably different brothers from the Cajun country of Louisiana.

In 1957 the PGA, one of the big three of U.S. golf tournaments (the others: the Masters and U.S. Open), went to 29-year-old Lionel Hebert, a development that shocked him as well as everyone else, since it was only his first full year on the tour. A short, plump introvert, Lionel had then, and still has, the countenance of a bound dog, the glissens of a southern senator and the rhythm of Dixie in his bones. He would, he has admitted, rather be a trumpet player in a jazz band than a golfer. He has tried both professions; golf pays better.

Last July, Lionel's older brother, Jay, then 37, also won the PGA. A tall, slim introvert with a tropic tan, a marine-straight stride and a dazzling smile, Jay has more the look of a TV western hero than a successful golf competitor. He is the tour's handsomest player and its most eligible bachelor ("I could just pass out," said a blonde, gawking at him during this year's Open). But the smile conceals an unrelenting determination to win. Jay's 1960 PGA victory caused far less wonderment than Lionel's earlier one, for Jay is one of the best, if least known, of the top touring professionals.

Next week, at Olympia Fields Country Club near Chicago, the PGA will hold another championship, its 43rd. As usual, the logical favorite will be Arnold and the sentimental choices will be Ben and Sam. But don't be surprised if you are carefully informed next week that the winner pronounced his name A-bear.

Julius Joseph (coincently Jay, but
continued)

MATCHING SMILES of Jay (left) and Lionel mask personalities as different as their shapes.



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occasionally Pierre) and Lionel Paul (Frenchy) Hebert come from the crayfish and cannella country of southern Louisiana, where half the population is of French Canadian descent. Their home town, Lafayette, lists 275 Heberts in its phone book, an Hebert (F. Edward) represents them all in Congress and more than one business advertises its name with a large A and the drawing of a bear to portray graphically the proper French pronunciation of the Hebert name.

Golf's Heberts were the sons of an easygoing Lafayette peace officer, two-term sheriff and sometime politician, Gaston Hebert, who died six years ago. "Pop was a good provider, but no saver," remembers Lionel. "Mom was a typical Cajun farm girl, always putting aside for a rainy day." She taught her sons to work and to expect rain. "I can't remember when I didn't have two jobs," says Lionel.

A gambler's advice

One of the jobs, as it was with Jay also, was caddying at the nine-hole city golf course, a frugal municipal operation where the rough was allowed to grow until it could be mowed for hay and where caddies were permitted to play free one day a week in return for hours of weeding greens.

Lafayette had fewer golfers (\$80 then caddies [100]), at least part of this lack of interest in outdoor sport being accounted for by the area's liberal attitude toward gambling houses. Jay caddied regularly for a prosaic enough local man, a railway clerk, but Lionel's steady customer was a well-regarded professional gambler. "He paid me 50¢ for 18 holes and taught me that I should not bet," recalls Lionel.

Jay played his first golf in the family cow pasture, cutting his own oak shafts to fit into a battered iron head and hitting balls as the cow walked to the barn. Later, when he was 13, he and a group of five caddies traded several dozen golf balls they had found for an unbroken club, a driver.

"We called the driver our community club," says Jay. "One day it was my turn to take it home. I had it in the barn while I was milking my cow, Beauty. I guess Lionel was about 8. He's standing there swinging the community club when my pail fills up. 'Got a pail,' I told Lionel. 'The hell with you, I'm playing golf,' Lionel said. I grabbed for him, and he

took the community club and smashed it against the barn. Lionel was a hot-tempered kid."

In spite of such an informal golf upbringing, Jay became, and remained, dedicated to the game. When he was 17 he shot a 60 to set a course record in a city tournament. He started college, then served four years with the Marines in

which was worse in cold weather, getting so sore Lionel couldn't even hold a club, much less swing it.

Like Jay, Lionel attended LSU, but as a music major. He began playing professionally in his uncle's band, became a sign painter, an interior decorator of sorts and a clothing salesman. He served with the Army in 1948 in Yokohama,



PLAYING LIKE A PRO, LIONEL JOINS BANDLEADER BUDDY ROGERS AT DESERT INN

World War II. At two times he was a lieutenant; he was wounded in the left leg after 21 days on the island and spent a year in the hospital. Jay then went to Louisiana State University, graduating in 1948. In 1949 he turned professional, as he always knew he would.

Lionel was quite a different cut of Hebert. "We had two uncles move in with us during the high water in 1929," remembers Jay. One was a drummer, the other, Bill Landry, a trumpet player. The Mississippi receded, but the uncles stayed. "Lionel was always fooling with Uncle Bill's horn," says Jay. "By the time he was 7 he could blow it pretty good. In fact, Lionel was a kid who could always do everything right off. He drove the car when he was 8."

At 10 Lionel had an accident that led him to develop one of golf's worst grips. Playing hide-and-seek, he fell out of a cypress tree. He broke his left arm and injured the wrist. The wrist never healed properly. To protect it, he was forced to turn his left hand beneath the club when he gripped it, keeping the hand from functioning properly in the swing. Chronically tender for years, the

running a Post Exchange, three beer gardens and, naturally, founding a jazz band.

When he returned to Lafayette, Lionel married pretty Belle Crochet, a local Cajun girl, but he still had no career. Almost casually, though fortunately, Lionel had kept up with his golf, finishing second in the state amateur in 1948. About this time Jay came home from his first year as an assistant professional under Lew Worsham at the plush Oakmont Country Club in Pittsburgh. Jay had discovered something. "Golf up there isn't anything like it is down here," he told Lionel. "It's the difference between a little country store and the Maison Blanche in New Orleans." Convinced, Lionel, too, turned professional, going to Pittsburgh's Westmoreland Country Club as an assistant to Johnny Ball.

At the time they became professionals the Heberts knew virtually nothing about competitive golf. They had necessarily taught themselves the game—at 13 they could beat their local pro. They had played in barely a handful of state-level tournaments and won none.

continued

"Say it takes eight years to learn the skills you need to win tournaments," says Jay. "Fellows like Palmer, Lister and Venturi had those years behind them almost by the time they were out of college. At 25 they were finished competitors. Lionel and I had to learn after we turned professional."

By 1956, at the late age of 33, Jay was ready to join the tour. He had applied his characteristic meticulousness to the development of one of the most stylish and flawless swings in golf. He was soon the best long-iron player on the tour. He also became an unusually good manipulator of the ball, hooking, fading, hitting shots high or low as the occasion demanded. Perhaps he overdoes it. "Jay always tries to hit the 100% perfect shot," says one of the game's very best players. "If he had one single,

safe shot he could absolutely depend on in a very critical situation he would win more and finish second less."

Which brings up a sensitive point. Jay's winnings have averaged \$33,500 a year for the past three years. He was the fifth-leading money winner in 1960. His average of strokes per round was 70.65 in 1959, the third-best on the tour. Yet he has inexplicably won only six tournaments in six years, while finishing second 16 times.

Sometimes, to be sure, Jay had bad luck. He lost a tournament to Ken Venturi when Venturi's ball hit a rake in a sand trap on the last hole and bounced out of the bunker onto the green. He lost the 1958 Canadian Open when Wes Ellis Jr. birdied four of the last six holes, and he lost last year's Tournament of Champions when he broke the course record at Las Vegas, only to have Jerry Barber break it even more.

"It may be that Jay gets himself too keyed up," says Lionel, "that he harms himself by trying too hard."

"That's the way I play," answers Jay. "I try to hit every shot the best way I know how, no matter where I stand in a tournament. Then at the end I total up my strokes and say to myself, 'Jay, old man, that's the best you could do!'"

Now, at 38, even Jay may be getting a little tired of his self-imposed mental discipline. No top professional plays in more tournaments than he does: "I have no family, no hobbies, and nothing else to do." But he is not completely happy doing it. "When I started I couldn't see having a woman to support because I knew how tough this tour golf was going to be," he said recently in a moment of locker room introspection. "Now I should be married. I'd like to be. You meet a lot of girls out here, but they aren't the kind you want to marry. This is really a gyp life—lonely. You can't like it."

HANDSOME JAY, INTENSE AND ALONE, CONCENTRATES ON A SHOT IN U.S. OPEN



A getting Gleason

Meanwhile, he has taken to reading—recently and significantly, that ego-worshiper, Ayn Rand, and Dewart's *The Pleasures of Philosophy*—invented his sizable savings in bowling alleys, real estate and stocks and decided, "I'm going to enjoy myself a little more."

Lionel however, is enjoying himself as he goes along. Jay, after a defeat, thinks the sun won't rise tomorrow, but Lionel knows the sun is always shining. With his Jackie Gleason build and spirit, he cracks his congenial way across the golf scene.

"In you go, Suzie Q," he will say gleefully as he drops a putt. Or, "Man, I scatted that iron!" Gammornical expressions come easily from this 5-foot 8-inch fellow who weighs 195 pounds and revels in good food. His enthusiasm is warming and infectious. Watching him play, you find yourself hoping very much that he will do well.

Since joining the tour, Lionel has won only two tournaments besides the PGA, and one of these was the \$15,000 Cajun Clinic in his home town of Lafayette. (Jay has also won this tournament; it is now known on the tour as the Hebert Benefit.) Yet Lionel is a fine wood player and has an unusually good pivot for a man of his build. Though he is considered to be playing below his potential, he is improving.

One reason is that he has, at last, been able to remedy the weakness in his

grip. A Pittsburgh doctor "put my hands and feet in buckets of water, and turned on the electricity," says Lionel. "It felt like having a million needles stuck in you." A summer of these treatments, which either cured his wrist or shocked Lionel senseless, left him able to put his left hand on the club properly. Jay has since been helping Lionel with his long irons, the poorest part of Lionel's game (he had been flinching at the clubhouse here into the turf).

In spite of his flamboyant personality, Lionel is a small-town conservative who has never forgotten his mother's financial precepts. He would prefer to spend much more time in Lafayette with his wife and three children—Glenn, 11, Jacqueline, 9, and Mitzel, 4 months—but feels he can't spare many weeks from his source of revenue, the tour. He frets about the heavy expenses of being on the tour (\$15,000 a year), worries about losing his ability or health and lectures on the value of insurance at the drop of a putt.

"I am what I call a money player," says Lionel. "Lots of people fool themselves in this world. I try not to. I know deep within myself that I am not a great golfer. So I am careful. I try very hard to make \$8,000 or so early in the year. Then I can freewheel a little and play to win if I get close to the top. I feel you have to have that money in the bank to play your best. Otherwise the pressure is too great."

His winnings, which have averaged \$17,500 a year, plus his income from endorsements and other sidelines, have enabled him to keep his family and himself in comfortable, if not lavish, style.

Lionel recognizes that golf is only a means to him, while it has been an end to Jay. "Jay won't let anything interfere with his golf," says Lionel. "He won't let you get close to him. He's a funny boy. The older he gets the tougher he gets. My fault is that I am just the opposite. I can't get all revved up about a tournament like he can. I wish I could."

"I don't know how much Lionel suffers inside himself," says Jay. "Frankly, I don't think he suffers much. He can sure fall asleep quicker than any man I know. Now me, I get to be there and think a little first."

Lionel's attitude is typified by his trumpet playing. If he doesn't bring a trumpet to a golf tournament—he used to carry one that Jimmy Dorey gave him—somebody always finds one for him. "I love to cater to people, to show



HAPPY LIONEL IS SURROUNDED AT HOME BY THREE CHILDREN AND WIFE, BELLE

them a good time," he says. And he does. During the Las Vegas tournament this year he joined the band each night in the Sky Room at the Desert Inn, taking each trumpet solo with all the fervor that Dixieland jazz demands. "Entertainment. That's how I'd like to make a living," he says.

These two brothers, personally so close that when one of them wins a tournament the other whoops with joy, calls Mom and cries, but still so very different, may now be learning from each other. Jay talks of easing up, and it was Lionel who came storming off the course at the U.S. Open in Jaylike petulance after failing to qualify for the last two rounds. "Is Jay here?" he asked. He was told Jay was waiting in the clubhouse for him. "Well," he said, glaring moodily at the people milling about, paying no attention to him, "it's nice to know somebody cares what happens to you. It's unusual, I assure you." Lionel was mad. He had thought he had a chance to win.

Whether they win or lose, the Heberts are intriguing.

"You ever eat dirty rice?" Jay asked a startled listener the other day.

"No," he was told.

"I wish I had the formula," said Jay. "I'd give it to you right now. My mother fixes it delicious. Her cooking is a cross between French cooking and Italian cooking. Man, that is super cooking. To make dirty rice you grind up liver, pork and beef. You cook it, and cook your rice. Then you put it all together and cook some more. Boil a few crayfish, toss up a salad and bring out that huge bowl of dirty rice. You think you can't feed a heap of folk?"

"You got to come down this winter and try it," concluded PGA winner Jay, flashing his brightest smile.

"There is no way you can get better food," said PGA winner Lionel, his smile as broad as Jay's. "No way at all."

Golf got the brothers out of the bayou, but it didn't get the bayou out of the brothers.

END

From the time Dame Juliana Berners wrote her medieval treatise on fishing with artificial bait, anglers have applied themselves to creating ever more deadly lures. An exemplar of their skill is the wobbling spoon that has tempted these brook trout. On the following pages Elgin Ciampi, a naturalist and photographer, reveals for the first time the actions of these and other fresh-water gamefish at

The Moment They Hit the Lure







Enticed by the lifelike action of a rubber minnow, a primitive garfish opens its beak to swallow the lure. ▶

A muskellunge makes a successful attack on a live goldfish. All fish ◀ showed a preference for natural bait.

Wobbling plug fails to tempt one muskie, but the second fish strikes and gets hooked in the upper jaw.







It's white feathers reflecting light in the dark water, a spinner fly attracts a school of crappie and persuades one fish to strike.

What Makes Them Hit the Lure



FISH PHOTOGRAPHER Elgie Ciampi holds a muskie's delight in psychology—both animal and human—and is currently working for his Ph.D. in the same subject. Ciampi is co-author of *The Underwater Guide to Muskie Life* (A. S. Barnes) and author of *The Six River* (Ronald Press).

When Elgie Ciampi photographed the underwater drama of a game fish hitting a lure, he also discovered a number of unexpected answers to the fisherman's most burning question: What makes a fish strike? To some anglers Ciampi's findings will confirm what they have suspected all along, but to many his conclusions will doubtless prove to be as unusual as his pictures.

Ciampi's laboratory was Chicago's John G. Shedd Aquarium, where he studied a variety of fish in environments closely simulating their natural habitat. He was able to control both light and feeding conditions, and—best of all—none of the fish involved had ever been exposed to any form of angling.

"These fish," Ciampi says, "were exactly comparable from a fisherman's point of view to ones which might be found in virgin, wilderness waters. They had never seen a plug or experienced the dangers of being hooked. In spite of this, some species like the largemouth bass were immediately suspicious of artificial lures. Others, like the eastern brook trout, which some anglers consider superior to the bass as gamefish, were remarkably slow in discerning differences between real food and imitations."

To confirm this first observation,

Ciampi isolated groups of bass, muskellunge, pike, trout, gar, bluegill and crappie, and did not feed them for several days. Even then the reaction to man-made baits remained the same for each species, and the bass continued to show the most pronounced reluctance to take artificial lures.

This caution, Ciampi believes, is directly related to the bass's superior brain power. "There was no question after repeated tests," he concludes, "that the largemouth bass showed the highest level of intelligence. The smallmouth was close behind, and both bass had many behavior characteristics in common. Along with the muskellunge, they not only demonstrated the greatest suspicion but were the only species that would not take an artificial bait after any other fish in the same tank had hit it. "My guess," says Ciampi, "is that they have a communications system, which actually enables them to warn each other of danger."

"In the less intelligent species this ability to communicate either does not exist or is not sufficiently developed to be of use. For example, I found no indication of its presence among the trout, bluegill or crappie. This may explain why it is possible to catch several trout from the same pool on the same lure but

rare to take more than one bass at a time from a given spot."

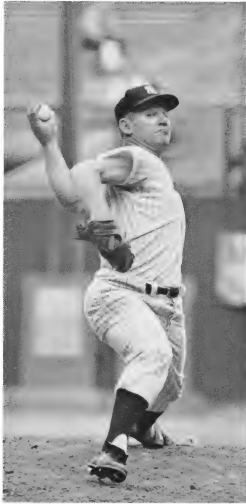
Ciampi also noted that several species, again including the eastern brook trout, not only would strike anything from a bottle cap to an artfully finished spoon but occasionally would hit the same lure a second and even a third time. Bass, muskellunge and pike could be induced to strike a lure once but not the same one again.

"In other words," Ciampi concludes, "these species learned that a lure was not food after only one experience, while the less intelligent species required two or more experiences to learn the same lesson. Even after several days had elapsed between tests, bass and muskellunge seemed able to recognize a lure they had previously encountered and refused to have any part of it."

On the basis of these experiments, Ciampi ranks the intelligence of the fresh-water gamefish he studied in the following order:

- 1) largemouth bass
- 2) smallmouth bass
- 3) muskellunge
- 4) northern pike
- 5) trout
- 6) bluegill
- 7) crappie
- 8) gar

continued on page 48



WHITEY

Whitey Ford has a rosy face, pale blue eyes, blond hair, blond eyebrows and blond mustache. Even the stubble of his beard is blond, hence his nickname. Despite these blond features, there are times when Ford looks like a tough. Standing on the mound, round-shouldered, arms hanging loose at his sides, Ford, as he stares at a batter, is cocky, insolent, wise and gutsy—all qualities that help make him the best pitcher in baseball.

In the 10 years that he has been pitching for the New York Yankees, Ford has compiled the highest-winning percentage of any pitcher in history, .710. His lifetime earned-run average of 2.73 is lower than that of any active pitcher. But, in spite of this, Ford has never been able to achieve what baseball regards as the symbol of pitching success, 20 victories in one season. He won 19 games once, 18 games twice and 16 games twice, but never 20. "I never minded too much at first," says Ford, "but people kept begging me every spring. 'When you going to win 20, when you going to win 20?' It began to get me down."

Ford has undoubtedly heard the question for the last time, for this year he is going to win his 20 games. He may even win 30. With the season hardly half over, he has a remarkable record of 16-2.

Several things have contributed to Ford's success this year, but undoubtedly the most important was Manager Ralph Houk's decision to start him every four days during the first half of the season. Casey Stengel, who referred to Ford as "my professional," used to rest him generously between pitching assignments. Often Ford was held out of pitching rotation so that he would be ready for an important series. As a result, Ford just didn't pitch often enough to get a fair chance at 20 victories. In 1956, for instance, the year he won 19 games, Ford started only 20 times.

This year, through the All-Star Game

by WALTER BINGHAM

Yankee Whitey Ford, best pitcher in baseball, has never won 20 games in a season. This year he will make it, and might even have 30 to spare

THROWS FOR 30

(in which he pitched three innings, giving up one run), Ford had 21 starts. In June alone, he started eight games and won them all, something no American Leaguer has ever done before. Opponents are watching skeptically and hopefully—for some sign that he has been overworked, but Ford says he has never felt better. Now, with the hottest summer weeks coming up, Manager Houk has announced Ford will start every five days, but even so, Ford will be pitching far more than in past years.

Another thing that has helped Ford is that his teammates owe the Yankees, a double blessing, since he does not have to pitch against them. The Yankees provide Ford—and all their pitchers—with a cheerful working atmosphere, lots of runs and a tight defense. "I'm a ground-ball pitcher," says Ford. "It's very important to me to have a good infield. This one we have is the best I've seen since I came to the Yankees."

The Yankees' heavy hitting—by Maris, Mantle, Howard, Skowron and Berra—has helped Ford out of several jams this year. In Los Angeles in late June, Ford left the game after eight innings, losing 6-5. With two out in the ninth, Moose Skowron hit a three-run homer and Ford, in the showers, discovered he was a winner. In Yankee Stadium, against the Red Sox, Ford started a game by giving up two singles and a home run. He hung on, kept the Sox from scoring for the next five innings, and the big Yankee hitters more than made up for his lapse.

Of course, these instances are exceptional. Most of the time Ford does not need many runs. He is especially effective early in the game. In 17 of his first 21 starts this season he gave up two runs or less in the first six innings. By that time the Yankees had usually given him a lead. Then, whenever Ford started to tire, there was someone in the bullpen

to relieve him. That someone has generally been Luis Arroyo.

Arroyo, called Yoyo by some, is a plump little 34-year-old left-hander who had an undistinguished career in the National League until the Yankees bought him last year. His best pitch is a screwball that causes batters to hit on the ground, a handy weapon in relief since it encourages inning-ending double plays. Arroyo has relieved Ford nine times this season, and all but once he has saved the victory. The one time Arroyo was ineffective, he was charged with the defeat himself, a reliever's fate.

Arroyo's locker in Yankee Stadium is, by accident, next to Ford's so that there is great camaraderie in that corner of the room whenever the two collaborate on a victory. "If I win 25," said Ford one night, "I'm going to hold out for \$100,000 and split it with Luis." Arroyo said he'd settle for 60-40. After another Arroyo save, Ford announced that he was going to sponsor a special Luis Arroyo night at Yankee Stadium and shower him with gifts. When Arroyo relieved another Yankee left-hander, Bud Daley, Ford told Daley to keep his hands off "my relief pitcher." After Ford pitched two complete games in a row, Arroyo threatened to desert him for somebody else. "But I am just kidding," says Arroyo. "When I save a game for Whitey, he says 'also going' and then he buys me a couple of beers."

Ford's dependency on Arroyo was never more obvious than in his 16th victory, the Red Sox game in which he gave up those three quick runs. At the start of the seventh inning Ford was leading 6-3 and seemed to have things well under control. But the Red Sox opened with two fast singles and Ralph Houk, after stalling around as long as possible, brought Arroyo into the game. Still not properly warmed up, Arroyo gave up a double, a walk and a forecoat. The score was 6-5, and the tying run was on third with one out. Almost anything, a fly

ball, a slow grounder, an error, could wipe out Ford's victory. But little Luis struck out the next batter and got the next to fly out. The Yankees hit two home runs to provide a cushion, and Whitey's win was safe.

When not pitching, Ford habitually assumes his role as the team comic. He kides his teammates a lot, but, as one of them points out, concentrates only on those who can take it. After the All-Star Game in San Francisco's gale-swept Candlestick Park he told a group of reporters: "There are dozens of you guys in here writing about the wind. Why not be different? Why not write about Kubek's error?" Tony Kubek, at the next locker, was equal to it. "I made the error under ideal conditions," he said. Ford also said that when he heard on the clubhouse radio that Berra was going in to catch Hoyt Wilhelm's elusive knuckle ball, he almost came out again so he could watch the fun. Before the game, leaning against the batting cage, Ford watched Stan Musial hit a few. "Silly stance," he commented, bringing a grin to Musial's face.

Earlier in the year the Yankees elected Ford their player representative. He immediately announced he would delegate authority. Mickey Mantle, he said, would head the bubble-gum committee, and Roger Maris would be in charge of grievances. Yogi Berra, of course, was appointed elder statesman, and Ford said he was considering promoting Major Ralph Houk to a five-star general. When one reporter suggested that Luis Arroyo be put in charge of relief, Ford gave the man a deadpan stare. "What are you, a wise guy?" he asked.

Like most pitchers who start to win big, Ford has been accused of throwing a spiner. "I not only think he throws one," says Jimmy Dykes, manager (perhaps pro tem) of the Cleveland Indians. "I know he throws one. Someone on his own team told me he does. He throws it

continued



FORD (LEFT) AND "HIS MAN," RELIEVER LUIS ARROYO, MEET AT THE BULLPEN FENCE

WHITEY FORD *continued*

with two strikes, the batter swings and misses, then the ball goes around the infield and comes back dry as the Sahara."

It is true that Ford sweats a lot. Sometimes he has to change shirts two or three times while pitching, and on occasion he has lost six or eight pounds during a game. It is also true that he flicks the sweat from his eyebrows, then tucks the glove under his left arm and rubs the ball down. Umpires, however, do not interfere, so presumably the massager is legal. Ford, naturally, denies he throws a spitter. "Don't need to," he says. "Got too much other stuff."

"That's what he's got, all right," says Elston Howard, one of three Yankee catchers. "He's got stuff, everything. And control? It's always right there."

Ford has three basic pitches—the fast ball, slider and curve, plus variations on

each. "I just signal for a curve and let him decide what speed he wants to throw it at," says Howard. "He's got about three of them." It is Ford's slider that has turned him into a strikeout pitcher this year. (He's the league's best at this stage, ahead of such perennial leaders as Jim Bunning and Camilo Pascual.) In past years Ford could only throw the slider four times or so before feeling a pain in his arm. This spring Coach Johnny Sain advised Ford to make a slight change in the delivery of the pitch, and now Ford can throw the slider as much as he pleases.

When Ford warms up, 15 minutes before game time, he can usually tell how sharp he is. "Maybe five or six times a season you find out you haven't got much," he says. "Maybe the fast ball isn't moving. Then you fall back on the others and only show the fast ball."

Ford pitching is a pleasure for other

pitchers to watch. "He never throws a pitch without a purpose," says Johnny Sain. "He's always bearing down, never careless." "You never see anything good to hit," says Brooks Robinson, Baltimore's fine third baseman. "At 2-0 or 3-1, he still comes in with a good pitch."

When runners get on base against Ford, he keeps them close to the bag with the smoothest pick-off move in baseball. From his left-handed stretch, it is almost impossible to detect whether he is throwing to the plate or to first until the pitch—or pickoff—is thrown.

His move to second is also smooth. As he stands facing the plate, he gives a sign—one for Shortstop Tony Kubek, another for Second-Baseman Bobby Richardson—and starts counting. He then whips and throws at the bag just as Kubek or Richardson is arriving. He has picked several runners off second this year and Kubek insists that umpires, who in the American League stand on the outfield grass, have missed others.

If Ford on the mound is a tough, Ford returning to the dugout, win or lose, is a small boy being summoned to the woodshed. He walks with careful, tiny steps, his chin on his chest, his arms close to his sides. He walks so slowly that even the outfielders usually reach the dugout before him.

It takes him a long while to unwind from the tension of a game. He may sit around the clubhouse, sip a beer and perhaps take a pill from his vast collection of bottles. The pills are for his gout, which he contracted two years ago. It bothered him for some time, and affected his pitching, but now with the help of the pills and a low-purine diet, he suffers no effects.

It is about a 40-minute drive from Yankee Stadium to the Ford home in Lake Success, L.I. If he has pitched a night game, he will go to the refrigerator, take another beer and turn on the *Late Late Show*. It will be hours before he will sleep.

At home waiting for Ford—but asleep if it has been a night game—are his wife Joan and three blond children, two boys and a girl. On the Fourth of July, while Ford was beating Detroit at the Stadium, the kids entered some holiday running and swimming races at home. All three kids won prizes. This pleased Ford almost as much as his victory over Detroit. "Just a bunch of Thoroughbreds," he said.

END



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Photograph by Richard Jeffery

TODAY'S SUNGLASSES are meant for year-round wear. Here (reading from left, front to rear) is a diverse and useful selection: American Optical's bestseller, the green Culebar lens (\$15, Clairemont Nichols); the yellow Haze-Master lens which cuts fog, sharpens detail (\$18, Laguna); slim specs with green Ray-Ban lens, Bausch & Lomb's bestseller (\$15, Laguna); smoky-brown wraparound glasses, good

for driving (\$15, Parody); a clear plastic lens for protection from wind (\$11.50, E. R. Mayrowitz); a lightest shade of Ray-Ban in a small green frame (\$15, Laguna); Culebar lens with new graduated medium-density coating (\$22, Laguna); shooting glasses with yellow Kah-chuon lens (\$21.50, Clairemont Nichols) and, for blue-eyed blondes, blue lenses—they don't filter rays, they're just flaring (\$18, Laguna).

Dark glasses for every kind of bright day

Gathered here in the noonday glare of a beach is a small selection of the thousands of kinds of sunglasses on sale in America. They vary in color, in shape and in the materials from which they are made because they are designed for specific uses beyond the obvious one of shading the eyes of sun worshipers on the beach. There are today sunglasses designed to protect the skier from the glare of snow and the stinging wind and the motorist from the dangerous blare of sun on chrome or pavement. There are glasses that improve the hunter's visibility in the fog-shrouded duckblind, and others that help the fisherman penetrate the reflections from the water.

Sunglasses of one strange sort or another were in use before optics was a well-organized science. Cleopatra shielded her eyes with emeralds. The Chinese of Marco Polo's day wore quartz lenses set in frames of bamboo. Eskimos today still use carved ivory shields with narrow slits to cut down the painful brilliance from glare ice.

Neither Cleopatra's emeralds nor ivory shields protected the assaulted retina very well—a good squirt does as well. It is the invisible ultraviolet and infra-red on the edges of the spectrum, as much as the visible rays, that provoke headaches, fatigue and, in extreme cases, damage to the eye.

Sunglasses that would not only reduce glare but also absorb harmful ultraviolet and infra-red rays were developed more than half a century ago. However, excluding Hollywood's affection for dark glasses as a symbol of mystery and glamour, the practical use of protective glasses came only in World War II, when millions of Americans went to work on the water

and under the high sun of the tropics.

Bausch and Lomb and the American Optical Company, two of the manufacturers who produced for the military 20 years ago, still make most of the quality glasses sold in optical shops. The 29¢ item available on the boardwalk today—made of plastic or blown glass—cuts the glare but absorbs little ultraviolet or infra-red. The ground and polished crown glass of an ophthalmic lens by Bausch and Lomb or American Optical does what the doctor ordered, filtering out 20% to 80% of the invisible rays.

Of the various new colors and types of lenses developed by Bausch and Lomb and AO, their Ray-Ban and Colobar greens have remained the bestsellers, but such haze-cutting browns as AO's Cosmetan and grays like AO's True Color

have. Contrary to some notions, they should never be worn at night to reduce the glare of oncoming cars—nor should any dark glasses, for in cutting the glare they also reduce total vision to the danger point and make it difficult to distinguish the colors of traffic signals.

Polaroid, a plastic material that redirects light rays in one direction and therefore cuts reflected glare from water particularly well, is now being laminated between two layers of Colobar green, Cosmetan and True Color gray by AO, making a fine glass for sailors, fishermen and beachcombers. Gradient-density lenses (like a Buick's windshield) give good protection from strong overhead light. Heat-treated impact-resistant glass has recently been perfected, and Lugene, a New York firm, has used this glass in

a fine new skier's spectacle (\$32), which is colored a dense gray for screening the more intense ultraviolet and infra-red rays of high altitudes. Wrap-around glasses are the latest design. Wrap-arounds cannot be prescription-ground, but despite this one drawback they are a particular boon to drivers and skiers, affording unobstructed lateral vision while deflecting wind as well as bounced light. One wrap-around type by H. L. Purdy is shown in the photograph at the left. From France come the first good plastic glasses made (shown in the drawing). The streamlined goggles are the glasses of the year for the Fast Set on ski slopes and race tracks. These new designs have an added cosmetic advantage: they are small enough to leave only a tiny area of white in a tannin. In green, yellow and brown, with gold-filled frames, they are \$17.50 (Orma); in green only, with nickel frames, they're \$13 (Rolley). **END**



NEWEST GLASS IS WRAP-AROUND PLASTIC

and Bausch and Lomb's G-15 are increasing in popularity. (The grays, naturally, retain the true colors of a scene slightly better than other tints.) Yellow or amber lenses are used by hunters, sailors and skiers to cut through fog and

The Pirates' mystery man



The World Champions won't talk about the Doc who just might have prevented Vern Law's sore shoulder

With the season one half over, the World Champion Pittsburgh Pirates are in a sad way: they are 9½ games behind, and they show no signs of improving their position. More than anything else, their plight results from the ineffectiveness of Pitcher Vernon Law, who last year won 20 games. This year, plagued by a sore shoulder, he has won only three. "There's nothing wrong with us," says teammate Don Hoak, "that a good Vernon Law won't cure."

Ironically enough, the Pirates are concealing a man who—had he been permitted—might have been able to exercise preventive maintenance on Law, just as he has on other Pirate players. It takes some detective work to find out about him: some players say they're sorry, they'd like to talk—but they can't. Shortstop Dick Groat, the league's Most Valuable Player, is perfectly frank about not being frank. "I'd like to be cooperative," he says, "but the general manager would give me hell if I talked." Others play dumb: "Who? What's his name again? How do you spell it?" And Joe Brown, the Pirate general manager, says unequivocally: "We think the fellow gives us an edge. Why should we let the other teams know about him?"

This mystery man's name is Jay Bender, and he is a research-minded professor of physical education at Southern Illinois University. Bender has developed—by means of a special testing machine—a system of correcting individual muscle weaknesses in the legs and back, thus heading off the danger of possible—and possibly prolonged—injury. In 1960, at the request of the Pittsburgh organization, Bender began to establish his program among the Pirate players. At season's end, the Pittsburgh management

READY TO TEST a few muscles, Doc Bender has raw material stretched out on his machine.

secretly credited him with helping the team win its first World Championship in 33 years. (In 1939, when the Pirates did not have Bender's services, disabled players were everywhere, and the team finished a dismal fourth.)

Despite this record, however, Bender is not allowed near pitchers' arms, for the Pirates—like all baseball teams—view these members with superstitious awe. If he were, it is conceivable that Vernon Law would not be on the disabled list. (Lanky Joe Gibbon, troubled with a back injury last year, made a remarkable off-season recovery after spending three weeks at Southern Illinois, though he stoutly refuses to admit that Bender had anything to do with it.) "Pitchers just come down with these ailments," says the team physician fanatically. "In Vern's case the trouble is deep in the shoulder joint. The rotator muscle, the triceps insertion, the teres major and minor insertions—they all give him pain when he throws. Rest is the only treatment." Physicians not infected with the baseball mystique see a certain flaw in this reasoning: "If the man's allowed to work on the rest of the body," says a dissident, "why not let him condition arms?"

Bender himself stays out of such arguments. A crew-cut man of 47 who looks 10 years younger, he has a scientist's distrust of quick judgment. "Last year may have been lack," he says. "This year will give us a better idea how good the program really is."

Though Bender will not discuss his work with the Pirates specifically—in deference to Brown's wishes—he will outline it in general terms. "When a muscle isn't used," he explains, "it atrophies. During the off season, an athlete's muscles may lose strength, and when he starts playing again he's likely to suffer strains or sprains in these areas. Further, once a player does suffer a muscle or joint injury, he's likely to injure the same area again."

Muscles, Bender points out, may even atrophy in midseason. "Baseball is a somewhat sedentary game," he says with a grin. "A man may not have to run the bases hard for a couple of weeks. Then he tries to dash from first to third on the hit-and-run, and he ends up with a pulled hamstring muscle in his leg."

To forestall such unhappy situations, Bender devised a machine that measures the level of strength in the individual muscles of the legs and back. The machine has pulleys, weights and scales,

and it notes the number of pounds of pressure a man is able to exert. If a muscle in one leg, for instance, is noticeably weaker than the corresponding muscle in the other leg, Bender holds that the athlete is liable to injury in the weaker area. The team physician is informed, and the proper remedial exercises are promptly administered. "The beauty of the system," explains Bender, "is that, by pinpointing the weak-muscle areas, we substantially reduce the time needed to strengthen them."

Bender's greatest success so far has been Gene Baker. The former Pirate utility man, now a minor league manager, twisted his knee so badly in 1938 that he pulled the quadriceps tendon out of the bone. "I never thought I'd play again," Baker says soberly. In early 1940 he visited Bender at Southern Illinois and stayed there a month. Once Bender found out the testing machine—which muscles needed strengthening, he was able to begin the work of rehabilitation. At first the exercises took several hours a day. "I'd sit on a table," says Baker, "and someone would hold my ankles. Then I'd push or pull as hard as I could." Today, insists Baker, his knee is as sound as ever, and he exercises "just a few minutes every other day." Nonetheless, there is irony in the situation. Bender's program was so effective in keeping the vanity players healthy that substitute Baker could not get into the lineup.

Abdominal breathing

Bender has been pursuing the mysteries of the muscle for the past two decades. Along the way he studied under Professor Peter Karpovich of Springfield, the late Charles McCloy of Iowa and Thomas Carrion of Illinois. In the early 1930s he began field tests for his theories with an adult physical fitness program in Peoria, Ill. "The people in it," he says, "were mostly businessmen. They didn't have time for extensive exercise. We gave them simple drills." A favorite such exercise is abdominal breathing, whereby the stomach is pushed out hard with each inhalation. "Salesmen can do it while driving their cars," says Bender. "When done properly it takes a couple of inches off the waistline within a month."

The basis of the exercise system, says Bender, are these exercises (like abdominal breathing) that consist of isometric contractions (i.e., those in which there is internal pushing or pulling but no general body movement). Ordinary exer-

cises consist of isotonic contractions (those in which there is movement). "It's not that we recommend isometric contractions to the exclusion of the others," he explains. "It's just that they're the most convenient." The isometric contractions are made by pushing or pulling the individual muscle for six seconds, and then relaxing for six seconds.

Bender, who came to Southern Illinois in 1937, now spends half his time in muscle research and rehabilitation. Pittsburgh heard of him through a scout, a man who doubled as a physical education instructor at the school. In short order, Bender found himself at spring training. "I'm not much of a baseball fan," he confesses. "I didn't recognize any of the players, and I had to ask them their names. It got to be a standing joke. Even at midseason, someone like Mazeroski would walk up to me and say, 'How do you do, Mr. Bender. My name is William Mazeroski.'" (In locker room circles, asking an athlete his name is a gauche of the worst sort: if you do not know a player's name, the idea is to loiter near by, eavesdropping, until somebody yells it out.)

This season Bender's muscle-building program verges on the evangelistic. Early in January, each Pirate received a pamphlet entitled *Pittsburgh Pirates Pre and Post Season Conditioning*. In it the player was admonished that "You ought to be 175 lbs. Stay within 5 lbs. of this weight." Moreover, he was advised that "The exercises suggested for you are . . ." What followed was a selection from the pamphlet's 46 illustrated exercises all designed to rehabilitate areas "where you have been injured" or where Bender's testing machine "indicated a muscle weakness."

As it did last year, the program is continuing, ostensibly, to prevent injury and no Pirate has suffered a disability that can be traced to poor conditioning. (Don Hoak aggravated his groin injury by imitating on playing. As a result, it hemorrhaged.) Nonetheless, Bender cannot slacken his efforts. Elroy Face, the diminutive Pirate relief pitcher, provides a case in point. "I had a little trouble with my back," he says. "Doc Bender had me hanging from a bar, flexing the back as I hung suspended. It fixed things up fine." But does Face still do the exercise? "Why should I?" he says. "The trouble's all gone." If he had heard Face say that, Jay Bender—muscle man though he is—would have put down his head and cried. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Not even a fast shuffle

Commuter trains may or may not be flat, but commuter bridge always is. The game has as many versions as there are railroads, and every one of them involves the ghoulish—a dealing method designed to speed up play, increase scores and make every hand a potential disaster.

The only time the cards are ever shuffled is before the first deal. After that, the unshuffled tricks from the hand just played are gathered together, cut and distributed—not dealt—in packets of five, five and three.

The weird distributions and the ghoulish results that are almost guaranteed by this method of dealing soon suggested the name *ghoulie* for the version of train bridge that I like best. It is the only train bridge game I have heard of that has its own set of written rules and bidding techniques, which are included in the book about the game (*Ghoulie*) written by Philip M. Wertheimer.

One of the principal rules is this: Play out all tricks to the bitter end to make certain that nothing interferes with the freakishness of the next deal. Another rule is that part-score contracts—unless they are doubled or are large enough to complete a full game because of a previous score—are never played at all. The high bidder is conceded a score below the line of one less than he bid. That is, two no trump scores 40; three spades gets 60, and so forth. But a one bid gets its full value. All the other scoring is the same as in regular rubber bridge and, with this method of dealing, slams are frequent. Unless you are wary, so are huge penalties. All this considerably alters basic bidding strategy, as will be seen by this deal from Wertheimer's book.

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*

		NORTH	
WEST		EAST	
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1W	10	30	40
30	DBL	PASS	PASS
0W	PASS	PASS	00
PASS	PASS	7W	PASS
PASS	70	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 4 of diamonds

In *ghoulie*, it is almost impossible to predict how the bidding will go, but it is possible to show how it should go. Voids are so important that they should be shown whenever a good fit with partner's bid makes it safe to do so. North's hand wouldn't be strong enough for a cue bid in an ordinary game, but it is important for North to tell his partner about his spade void as quickly as possible in the train game. It is even more important for South to bid his void in diamonds as a prepared defensive measure should the opponents decide to sacrifice.

With a diamond opening and a club return putting North in to give South another diamond ruff, West would go down three tricks at seven spades. But with a heart opening West could make all 13 tricks.

Nevertheless, seven spades is a good sacrifice, down 500 points to save a grand slam worth about 1,500 to the opponents. In train bridge, even more than in regular rubber bridge, insurance principles are applicable. It is good policy to take a small set rather than risk having a substantial score made against you.

EXTRA TRICK

Opportunities for tricky strategy abound in train bridge. For example, if East were void in clubs he would not waste an opportunity to show it and pass the double of five diamonds. Instead, he would cue-bid six clubs to insure getting the right lead if South became declarer. Indeed, even though he held a singleton club, a six-club cue bid might have been made in hopes of inducing the opponents to stop at six because they feared a club ruff. One warning: Train bridge can be the ruination of your regular game. **END**



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BLANK BEGINNINGS Fresh grass and Arnold on way to see with well-handled golf, Wrenn.

ARNIE'S BIG WIN

continued from page 27

Others are comparatively sheltered, but when the ball soars up from the shelter it receives a sudden, mighty buffeting, and unless it is perfectly struck it will be carried far off line into that ferocious scrub bordering the fairways.

After seeing good shots blown hither-thither during qualifying rounds, Palmer made two vital adjustments in his booming game. He began using a one-iron, that difficult club he controls so well, off some tees; and he started hitting all his iron low—screaming waist-high bullets that somehow retained enough backspin to bite on the soft Birkdale greens.

Reasonable weather prevailed on the tournament's first day, and 68s by Dai Rees, Harold Henning of South Africa, and Kel Nagle, the Australian holder of the title (who beat Palmer by one stroke last year) led the field. There were three 69s, and then came Palmer, comfortably placed with five others at 70. The weather had been kind, deceptively kind.

On the second day the lid blew off. A 50-mph gale flattered refreshment tents, overturned trailers and reduced Royal Birkdale to a shambles. "I've never seen so many egg sandwiches flying

so high in all my life," said a parking lot attendant.

Starting in the morning, Palmer played into the height of the gale, and the way he attacked the ball was a joy for the overcoat-wearing gallery to behold. Scorning any temptation to try and steer the ball safely down the narrow fairways, he gave it all he had, occasionally grunting with effort as he struck a shot. At the 6th hole he actually carried a bunker, that most of the field had failed to reach by 30 yards. When one-time British Ryder Cup player Syd Scott heard this, he shook his head and said, "In that case, I give up."

Palmer birdied four of the first six holes and finished with an excellent 73. Morally speaking, it was a 72. On the 16th hole—a 510-yard par 5, which haunted him throughout the championship—he hit a very long drive. But his five-iron approach failed to hold the green, bouncing into a small sand trap. "It was nothing serious," said Palmer later. "An easy shot." But three-quarters of the way through his downswing, the wind blew the ball backward. He hit squarely on it, blasting it over the green.

Following the wonderful ethic of golf, Palmer immediately reported to an official that his ball had moved. He was told there would likely be no penalty because he had done nothing to cause the ball to move. However, the rule is quite clear on this point, and Palmer later had to add a stroke for his misfortune, ending up with a 7 instead of a 6. As Mr. Rumble said in *Oliver Twist*, "the law is a ass." Not such an ass as some of the rules of golf.

Nevertheless, Palmer's 73 came with-in one stroke of being the best round of the day and left him bracketed with Nagle at 143, a stroke behind Rees, the Welshman who is Britain's Ryder Cup captain, and Henning, who had gone out in the afternoon when the wind was not quite so fierce. Out of the running was Palmer's archrival, Gary Player, who had 75-77. Gary, fighting against illness, eventually quit the tournament.

The next day, as Palmer put it, "what hadn't blown away before was washed away." As the early-arriving gallery sought refuge, even under parked cars, rain flooded the course. Thirty-six holes had been scheduled, but the committee called off the morning round when green turned into lakes, and postponed the afternoon round as more rain turned the lakes into rippling seas.

Professional golfers have commitments all over the world, and a championship cannot be extended forever. In England, though it is possible to play on a Sunday, it is illegal to charge gate money. Bearing all this in mind, the committee, late Friday afternoon, issued a unique communiqué:

"The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club have decided that the 1961 Open Championship must end on Saturday, July 15, whether four rounds have been completed or not. If it is impossible to complete the four rounds, the 1961 Championship will be declared void, and neither the cup nor the medals will be presented."

The news appalled the determined Palmer, who had come so far and was so near his goal. "If necessary, I'm prepared to play in a rowboat," he said.

Blankets as blotters

However, the weather relented, if this type of British weather can ever be said to relent. There was a high wind and bitter cold on Saturday but almost no rain. The gallery dressed as if on a winter goose hunt, and blankets were used as blotters to sop up puddles on greens.

At first, it appeared that the final rounds of the championship would develop into a man-to-man duel between Palmer and Nagle and, since they were partnered together, almost a match-play one at that. Palmer opened with a 4 at the 520-yard first, and Nagle had an orthodox 5, just behind them Henning started with a 6 and thereafter faded from the picture. Rees, meanwhile, after waiting a long time to play his second, did what most handicap golfers do in those circumstances: he hit the ball straight along the ground into the face of a bunker. The shot cost him a 7, and his chance seemed to have vanished almost before he had begun.

This poor hole angered the resolute Rees, however, spurring him on, and he became Palmer's lone challenger. Playing just in front of Rees, Palmer was going great guns. He nearly holed his wedge shot to the 315-yard 5th and sank a 4-footer for a 2 at the 7th. He pounded his way out in 32, Nagle by this time trailing by three shots. Rees got a birdie at the 3rd and sank a vast putt for his 3 at the 212-yard 4th, following it with another long putt at the 6th. He struggled out in 36.

And now Palmer was at the 510-yard

16th, that hex hole again. Looking back on championships, professionals often talk of the "big" shots—big, not in the sense of distance, but of importance. After hooking his drive at the 16th, Palmer played safely back over a large sand hill and then hit a five-iron a little thin to the green. It shot over the back and up into a bank of scrub, where it lay directly behind a thick bush.

Surveying the prospect for a considerable time, Arnold detected a small gap in the bush, about half the size of a football. Later he recalled thinking to himself, "It could get through, but if it doesn't, it's the end of the game." He laid back his wedge, swung, and the ball popped through the opening. Not only that, it rolled within 18 inches of the cup. Palmer finished with a 69. Rees, hanging on doggedly, had a 71. Nobody else was close.

In the final round Palmer, with a par 5 at the first, a 3 at the 7th and all the rest 4s, was out in 36. Rees had a 38 to drop 3 behind. Each started home with

three orthodox 4s, and each failed to get a 3 at the 202-yard 13th. Palmer had a birdie 4 at the long 14th against the wind, Rees, a par 3. Four behind for Rees, and only four holes left—but what holes they turned out to be.

Again Palmer hit a "big" shot, this time at the 15th. His drive had rolled one yard off the fairway to the right, ending up at the bottom of a small sandy bank, buried deep in some blackberry bushes. Changing from a seven- to a six-iron, Palmer hit a shot that did not waver in the wind and that flew onto the narrow, deeply bunkered plateau green some 150 yards away. This feat of strength and skill brought gasps from the gallery. Even Nagle was forced to admit. The ball went so fast that the grass was cut as though by a scythe. "I have never hit a ball so hard in my life," said Palmer later. Henry Cotton, a former British champion who was standing beside Palmer, called it "one of the greatest shots ever."

Palmer got away with a 4, but minutes

later a huge distant cheer told him that Rees had holed an 8-yarder for a 3. This time Palmer played the 16th safe, intentionally hitting his ball into a puddle in front of the green, dropping without penalty and chipping up for an easy par. He then parred in for a 72, and a 284.

Rees birdied 16, almost birdied 17 and birdied 18 to finish a stroke behind.

As fond as the galleries are of Dai Rees, it is doubtful that there was a man present at Birkdale who really wanted Palmer to lose. It is impossible to overpraise the tact and charm with which this American has conducted himself on his two visits to Britain. He has no fancy airs and graces; he wears no fancy clothes; he makes no fancy speeches. He simply says and does exactly the right thing at the right time, and that is enough.

Perhaps, too, the British sense acutely that Palmer meant it recently when he said, "I play for championships, not for money." Now Palmer has another championship—one of the biggest. **END**

WARM ENDING COMES AS PLEASED CROWD OF ADMIRING BRITONS STRUGGLES TO SEE JUBILANT PALMER'S MINUTES AFTER VICTORY



No matter how smart or how stupid the fish, however, Ciampi noted that certain lures were definitely more appealing than others and that the effectiveness of the lure depended upon three factors: color, action and the sound it made in the water. All the fish showed a preference for lures that closely resembled their normal food. But similarity of color to natural food was more important than similarity of shape. For example, the muskellunge at Shedd Aquarium, which are regularly fed goldfish (see page 32), responded best to bright, gold-colored lures even when the shape and size of these lures were totally dissimilar to actual goldfish. Less discriminatory feeders, such as trout and crappie, while they often struck anything presented to them, showed greatest interest in light-colored, shiny lures, such as small spinners and beaded feathers. The least effective colors for all fish were black and dark red, both of which failed, particularly in murky water, to reflect or pick up light.

As to the action of the lure, rarely did any of the fish go after a lure that was simply dragged through the water. But as soon as the movement was altered by sharp sporadic jerks on the line, interest increased, reaching a peak when combined with regular side-to-side action.

"Muskellunge," says Ciampi, "could actually be induced to strike a lure in which they showed no previous interest—specifically, I believe, because of its movement. This fish is predominantly a sight feeder. Even with a full belly, a bright, shining object flashed across its sight path will arouse it to such a degree that it will strike almost by reflex. It will not strike a second time, but that first strike often seemed the product of a reaction so overpowering that the fish was unable to control it."

The other enticing characteristic, the sound a lure makes, is the result of its design and its action on the surface and in the water. Some lures, such as the so-called poppers, have concave "mouths" to trap air bubbles, and when the lure is jerked through the water the bubbles escape and burst to produce a popping noise. Others revolve, dip or dive, and in so doing create an audible disturbance.

"One of the reasons a bright, noisy lure with sharp action attracts attention," Ciampi says, "is because it is foreign to the fish's environment. By cre-

ating a disturbance unusual to the area it may be interpreted by a fish not only as a possible meal but also as an annoyance, a threat or an injured inferior. Any one of the latter may provoke a fish into striking even when it is not interested in food."

This applies especially to large- and smallmouth bass, which are gregarious and highly protective of their own specific territories. While bass were hardest to fool into mistaking a lure for food, Ciampi noted that they were easiest to irritate into striking when a lure trespassed into their particular domain.

Assuming that the fisherman does everything else properly, he still must pick the right time of day and the right weather. Using his lights to simulate sunrise, cloudy weather and other conditions, Ciampi learned that from dawn to midmorning, from midafternoon to dusk and generally in light conditions approximating those of a cloudy, overcast day all fish were most active and showed greatest response to baits.

"They were least responsive," says Ciampi, "to both natural food and artificial lures under direct, bright sunlight and after dark, when there was a marked induction in feeding activity. This is a fact fishermen have known for years, but what they may not have known is that even during the times of maximum activity all of the fish underwent dormant periods in which they neither moved nor fed."

"These periods were especially interesting because they followed no definable pattern. One moment a bass or a pike might be feeding, and in the next its activity would stop. Its fin would barely move, and it would hang at though asleep near the bottom. Sometimes these 'rest' periods lasted two minutes, and sometimes they lasted as long as two hours."

Unlike the general inactivity that occurs among all fish in late evening, Ciampi noted that these daytime dormant periods were purely individual. Regardless of what its companions were doing, a single bass or trout or crappie might choose to take a rest at any time. Other fish in the vicinity merely ignored the resting fish. Ciampi also observed that while all fish yawn regularly, yawning more than doubled in dormancy.

"I was fascinated," he recalls, "to watch dormant muskellunge, because this species is normally so fast-moving

and voracious. Ordinarily a goldfish thrown into a tank with a musky hardly had time to move a fin before it was struck. When dormant, however, the same musky appeared almost oblivious of the goldfish. It was not uncommon to see the bait swim around its enemy several times before finally being taken. Presented with a lure during one of these periods, musky, as well as other species, failed to react at all.

"In general," Ciampi adds, "the transition back to full activity occurred as spontaneously as it began. There was no period of waking up. Almost as though a bell were rung, activity was abruptly resumed and a lure which seconds before had no appeal might very well be pursued and hit."

While Ciampi can offer no ideas on how to attract a dormant fish, his experiments at Shedd Aquarium have produced five suggestions that he believes will be of benefit to all fishermen, particularly in these times of increased fishing pressure:

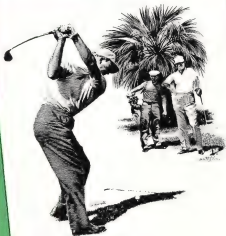
1) There is no such thing as a body of water that has been "fished out." Ciampi believes that the fish in such waters have learned to be wary of baits and must therefore be tempted by unconventional techniques.

2) Never rely on built-in action of lures alone. The more movement the angler gives to the lure by jerking, rotating and bobbing it, the more appealing it will be to fish.

3) Always use lures that are different from those popularly being fished in the area. The legendary farm boy who out-fished the rich anglers by using a piece of red flannel did so, Ciampi believes, not because he was a more skillful fisherman but because his bait was different. Therefore, if you find yourself with only a few standard lures, do anything you can think of to change their shape, action or even the color, regardless of how offbeat the end result may appear.

4) Avoid direct, bright sunshine and periods after dark when fish are known to be relatively inactive. And, particularly on overcast days, make sure the lure is bright enough to be visible in murky water and makes noise enough to be heard.

5) If a fish doesn't strike in the first three casts, try a different lure. After three lures, try a different fishing spot. Nine times out of 10, an unproductive cast means the fish are wise to the fisherman. When they are, only a wiser fisherman will catch them. **END**



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NOT-SO-MAD DOCTOR

Psychologist Ernest Dichter is the big daddy of motivational research. Probing the psyche of sports, he finds the umpire is a father figure and harness racing needs hair on its chest

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

One of the most unusual persons making the sporting scene these days is a little, jaunty, balding psychologist named Ernest Dichter. Dr. Dichter—the title comes from a Ph.D. earned in Vienna in Freud's heyday—is the acknowledged father of motivational research, a relatively new and spooky specialty using depth interviews, word-association tests and psychodramas to discover the hidden desires lurking in our minds. It is the doctor's job to probe the mass psyche for manufacturers who want to know how to sell products, and this has led on a surprising number of occasions to a study of the subconscious in sport. The doctor has, for instance, investigated the "emotional factors" inhibiting attendance at harness races, the significance of the term home in baseball (think about *ner for a while*) and the impact of Esther Williams' personality on swimming pools. Personality is a big thing with the doctor. He once compared the "personalities" of an orange and a grapefruit and found, among other things, that the orange "evoked association of friendliness" whereas the grapefruit exudes "elegant reserve."

Although Dr. Dichter is not the only psychologist interested in sport (in the spring issue of *Psychoanalysis and the Psychoanalytic Review*, Arnold Beisser, an analyst who was once a ranking tennis player, discusses Oedipal conflict at Wimbledon) he certainly has made the most from it financially. He commands a personal consultation fee of \$300 a day, and his Institute for Motivational

Research, staffed by 25 anthropologists, economists and sociologists, grosses \$800,000 a year. The doctor is, in the words of a critic, "the most prominent retailer of Freud going today."

As one might expect of a man who puts much by images, the main office of the institute is a 28-room castlelike mansion set on top of lonely, wind-swept Prickly Pear Hill overlooking the Hudson at Croton, N.Y. The castle is the perfect setting for a mad scientist—one half expects to find Bela Lugosi working over a corpse in the library—but the doctor dismisses the suggestion with a shrug. "I just don't like to commute to New York," he says. Similarly, the huge stone phallic symbol on the lawn is the handiwork of "a previous owner." (Recently the doctor got so irked at being twitted about the column—or "decoration," as he calls it—that he threatened to demolish it with a sledgehammer.)

Dr. Dichter lives near by on an estate in Otisburg. There he conducts some of his most important research in The Living Laboratory, a deceptively innocent-looking guesthouse. Here "guests"—consumers under study—relax while the doctor records their conversation with hidden microphones and observes them in the living room through a one-way mirror in the wall. On occasion, he pops out in person to direct the guests in a psychodrama. Once, for example, he asked a squad of Little Leaguers to pretend they were buying a baseball glove in a store. As the kids performed their playlet, the doctor noted their preferences

continued



AND HIS LIVING LAB

Designs by Milton Charness



for a major sporting goods company.

Wherever Dr. Dichter is—up at the castle, down at the lab, behind the mirror, jetting around the world—he is a head man to reach. An army of aides keeps interviewers at bay. "The doctor is teasing," explains Alex Gochfeld, a sociologist and vice-president of the institute. "Reporters may sensationalize what he says. They may embarrass him." To protect the doctor, Gochfeld may sit in on the interview. As Dr. Dichter warms to a subject ("The hot toddlers are embracing Mother Earth!"), Gochfeld will raise an arm in alarm and cry, "Careful, Doctor! He's writing that down!"

Dr. Dichter generally begins a motivational research project by sitting back in his office chair and thinking out loud about possible psychological answers to the problem at hand. The doctor is a great idea man. In a recent "ad lib" interview on sports, he offered the hypothesis that bowlers are actually "knocking down people—little men, women, I don't know," and that golfers are flying along in the air with the ball. "Watch their expressions," he said. "They're putting themselves into the ball. Superman thing. 'We just fly and soar into the blue sky!'"

One of Dr. Dichter's biggest sporting projects was a study of boat buyers in 1955. In a way, it's a wonder the doctor ever managed to finish it: the word boating itself, he reported, had "such a tremendous emotional impact on respondents (regardless of age or sex) that they poured forth an endless stream of emotional material." But whereas another "whiskers"—the Madison Avenue term for types like the doctor—might have drowned in this endless stream, Dr. Dichter hung on and traced the outpouring back to "pleasant memories of one's first childhood experiences via a toy sailboat—with Mother Nature." These memories give boating "a deep, underlying emotional meaning."

Although this sounded peachy, Dr. Dichter warned the boating industry it faced the considerable "psychological task" of converting this emotion into cash. "Optimism is not enough to realize the future's potentialities," was the doctor's dictum. "Sound psychological

know-how must be applied to the zip and zest the entire boating industry is now showing. . . .

"We find that prior to the age of abundance boats were owned by wealthy men who were also knowledgeable regarding boatcraft and prideful of their reputation as old salts. Today the people who contribute the most heavily to boat and motor sales are the average man and woman. . . .

"Our studies indicate that today's boat buyer is first of all making an emotional investment when he decides to walk into a boat store and look over the fleet. He wants to belong to a leisure club, either imaginary or real, rather than a leisure class. He, therefore, expects the dealer to cater to his ambition and not to snub him because of his lack of expert boating knowledge."

The doctor urged the industry to take note of the "role of the ego." Male boat buyers were seeking outboard power "in almost a sexual way." Indeed, the doctor went so far as to chart males on a "power profile." For his first boat, a man wanted a 3½-horsepower engine, for his second a 5, his third two 10s, his fourth 20 to 25 and for his fifth—well, the doctor noted sputterously, the "sky is the limit."

Although the male wanted power, he was also concerned about "the needs of the other members of the family who might not get an opportunity to experience the sensual, motor activity of steering the boat." These "silent passenger-members" have "a strong need of 'calm—and peace.'" Their need for peace and Pa's passion for power set up what the doctor called "a psychological need for equipping boats with . . . 'whispering power.'"

In closing, the doctor cautioned against price cutting. The boat buyer wanted to pay the full price, the doctor said, to gain "social status and psychological gratification." By contrast, "a marked-down price may leave him in doubt of the exact social position which the boat confers upon him."

Dr. Dichter waded into deeper water in a study for a company selling Esther Williams swimming pools. To begin

with, he probed not the pool but the personality of Miss Williams herself. Her "personality image," he explained, "matches the psychological image of a swimming pool." He quizzed 177 persons, asking such questions as what section does Esther Williams probably first turn to in a newspaper (the majority said sports). When he gathered all the answers, he announced that Miss Williams, and *quo facto* her pool, was "All American, Healthy, Wholesome, Family-Oriented."

The doctor was just as happy with his other findings on the subject of pools. "The motor age is beginning to backfire!" he wrote. More and more persons, he found, were "seeking rationalizations for not leaving home" and, what's more, they were "talking out their dreams about pools." A "fertile psychological market" was there for the picking, and the doctor offered 32 suggestions on how to pick it clean.

Among them, the doctor exhorted the company to develop distinctive psychological appeals. "As an example," he wrote, "you might suggest that water in the Esther Williams swimming pools is specially treated with some kind of an additive, XQ35, somewhere along the line of the GL70 toothpaste approach. With this, there can be used such specific terms as, perhaps pine pure—permanently glowing—lagoon blue, etc." The doctor also suggested adding special odors to the water, and he offered a few slogans: "The pool with the smell of the sea!" "Velvet soft to the touch" and "I feel fresh—smell fresh."

The doctor advised the company to play up its connection with Esther Williams. "Because of the great psychological importance of the first pool experience, make sure that an Esther Williams representative is on the spot when the pool is opened," he wrote. "Have him turn on the water."

The doctor hit a high note of some sort with Suggestion Number 25: "Another feature of consideration for the pool owner and one which, at the same time, can help spread the word about Esther Williams pool would be to supply the pool owner with an inexpensive flagpole, a series of nautical type

percents and on Esther Williams disk that can be used similarly to the red ball on skating risks. 'The swimming flag or the swimming disk is up'—can be the cry of the neighborhood."

Dr. Dichter's biggest plunge into sports came not with pools but in a far-ranging study he did for a sporting goods manufacturer who posed him such questions as: How important are sensory appeals in baseball gloves? How important is a player's autograph on a glove? Are there any differences between adult and youth sports motivations? And what is the typology of the adult athlete? Undaunted, the doctor duly supplied the answers in Report 1041D.

First of all, the company had "failed to acknowledge the cleavage between adult and youth sport motivations . . . Young boys," the doctor wrote, "seek different gratifications from sports activities compared to those sought by their fathers. To the teen-ager and the younger boy, sports represent anything but undiluted pleasure. . . . He is anxious to perform well in order to belong to the 'gang.' He is in constant fear of failure, and requires the kind of reassurance that [the company's] ads and promotion do not provide in the measure he needs."

After letting this sink in, the doctor moved on to the adult, who, by contrast, "sees sports as an opportunity to relive his own youth through his children. He is a nostalgic athlete, and as our findings indicate, he falls into three types. . . .

"The Vicious Athlete. He wants his son to have 'the best'—something which he never had because his family couldn't afford it or because [of] his own youthful lack of interest at the time. He sees the best as enabling his son to perform well, and, therefore, himself winning victories vicariously.

"The Genuine Athlete. He likes to encourage his children to participate in sports because he believes in the value of such activity and sees it as an integral part of the 'healthy life.'

"The Indifferent Athlete. [He] is more of an intellectual type. He usually has a smattering of knowledge about modern child psychology and, therefore, his main goal is to develop his relationship

(continued)

Now enjoy
"Professional"
shaves at home
with . . .



Old Spice
SUPER
SMOOTH SHAVE

NEW

SUPER SMOOTH SHAVE

New "wetter-than-water" action melts beard's toughness—in seconds

Remarkable new "wetter-than-water" action gives Old Spice Super Smooth Shave its scientific approximation to the feather-touch feel and the efficiency of barber shop shaves. Super Smooth Shave melts your beard's toughness like hot towels and massage—in seconds.



Now, shaves that are so comfortable you barely feel the blade

A unique combination of anti-evaporation agents makes Super Smooth Shave stay moist and firm. No re-lathering, no dry spots. Richer and creamier . . . gives you the most satisfying shave . . . fastest, cleanest—and most comfortable. Regular or Mentholated, 1.00.

Old Spice
SULTON

Also available in Canada

with his son. . . . On the surface, it appears that anything that can further his relationship with his son would appeal to the indifferent athlete. This is true in every instance except where it threatens the adult's self-image. A small minority of our father-respondents, under deep probing, "confessed" that the reason they did not encourage sports so much was because they themselves were not very proficient in athletic activities. They developed anxiety feelings with regard to the way they would appear to their sons if they did not perform well."

Generally, fathers felt their "sports activities should be limited—in scope and vigor—by the time 'your hair began to recede and you had that middle-aged speed.' Golf and fishing seemed to be the 'most permissible' exercises for adults—according to their surface opinions. But, upon deeper probing, we found that these same respondents would have liked to be able to play baseball and football with other adults. The motivation, we found, was to recapture their youth, to obtain reassurance that, somehow, they were not really getting older.

"Resistance to this wish to project themselves actively into their past stemmed from anxiety about 'hurting myself,' about causing damage to their health." The doctor quoted one worried father of three: "I'd like to get out on a baseball field and wallop the ball over the fence. But what about the old ticker? I'll stick to tennis if I want to be an athlete."

As he does with any answer, the doctor found this significant. "Note," he said, "how this respondent saw only baseball as a danger to his heart while regarding tennis as harmless. To combat this stereotype of 'over exercise' [the company] might emphasize the health aspects of outdoor sports, stressing the fact that exercise helps remove excess fat."

Gloves posed a number of problems. Autographs on both cheap and expensive models confused youngsters. "A glove with a star ball player's signature provides a means of identification with a grown-up person," the doctor wrote.

"In a sense, it is a psychological certificate of qualification for 'grown-up-hood.'"

"This is true mostly of the younger boys (from eight to 12)," he continued. "Not one of our older teenage respondents would admit outright he was interested in star players' signatures on his glove. In fact, he responded . . . with a surrery dismissal of signatures as 'kid stuff.' . . . Upon deeper probing of skeptical older teen-agers, we found that some of the rejection of the star's signature was due to unbelievable advertising. ('Sure, it's got Mickey Mantle's signature on it. But who says he uses the glove? . . .') It is important to note here that the objection is not to the autograph itself, but to what is seen as an unreliable endorsement. . . ." The doctor offered an easy solution: reserve "the star player's signature on the more expensive glove and put a printed name rather than a signature on the cheaper one."

Racial factors entered not at all into the autographed-glove situation; it made no difference if the star was white or Negro. "The sole criterion of desirability, according to our findings, was the popularity of the particular player," the

doctor wrote. "Use the signatures of Negro star players on gloves and packaging in all markets."

Dr. Dichter noted other subconscious intangibles that affected the sale of a glove. "For 50 per cent of our sample," he wrote, "a baseball glove was almost synonymous with leather. In their 'baseball glove language,' there were countless spontaneous references to the 'feel,' the softness, the pliability of the leather. . . . Tactile sensory satisfactions are a major appeal of gloves. The deep well, according to most of our youthful respondents, is important not only because it 'makes it easier to hold the ball,' but also because, according to some, it gives a 'pleasanter feel' when you've 'got the ball snuggled in there.' This pleasant tactile situation is also provided 'when the fingers are inside the soft leather.'" Accordingly, the doctor recommended lengthening the fingers to add to the feel appeal. He also urged that the well be deepened not only because of the feel and the snuggle but because youngsters obviously received a certain sense of satisfaction when they heard a ball smack into the glove. Build in the sound, he advised.

continued

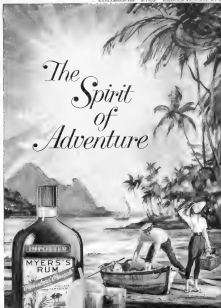
The doctor approved the symbol of a steer in the wall of the glove. The steer had connotations of "fervor" and "strength." Wrote the doctor: "This is a dynamic figure which stimulated some need for activity. As one 17-year-old observed: 'I like to smack my fist right into the hole. I can bang the steer right in its face.'"

Dr. Dichter expanded his thoughts about baseball in a study on the psychology of the fan. His most startling observation was that baseball, with home plate, mirrors life. In it, he wrote, "not too difficult to find the parallel between the home in which you live and home plate on a baseball diamond. Home plate is the only base that can be physically blocked against the attacker. The catcher defends home plate against the runner, not merely with skill and speed, but also with every fiber of his body. Home plate has a special importance for the team at bat, too—it is where each member of the team begins. And each one, if he is successful, returns as the hero after having traveled the world round. If he is unsuccessful, he may never leave home at all, or he may start and, finding the way too difficult, will be banished."

Baseball, the doctor reported, has a scapegoat in the umpire, "the stern father figure." Dressed in "a smitten-looking outfit," the ump is "a perfect target for hostile feelings." Curiously, the father figure condones a player's stealing, so long as he isn't caught.

Dr. Dichter's latest report on sport, a 103-page job entitled *A Motivational Research Study Aimed at Increasing Public Interest in Harness Racing and Building Attendance at the Los Angeles Racing Tracks* was issued in February 1960. On behalf of the Western Harness Racing Association, the doctor probed 250 persons in the Los Angeles area with depth interviews, sentence-completion tests and a battery of drawings. (One depicted a family of four—Mom, Dad, two tots—outside a harness track. The doctor asked respondents, "What kind of woman is the wife?")

The interviews revealed that although Angelenos were "factually aware" of har-



Myers Flavored Punch: 1 tsp. sugar, juice 1/4 lemon, 2 ozs. MYERS RUM, dash Angostura, dash grenadine. Shake with ice, add soda to taste.

MYERS *Flavored* RUM

Some call it enchanting. Some call it robust, others vivacious. Whatever your word, you'll agree the flavor of Myers Rum is distinctive, delicious. Its rich, spicy flavor is essential for the very best rum drinks. But then, a dash of Myers can make any cocktail memorable. If you have a taste for adventure, try Myers Rum—the spirit of adventure!

ness racing tracks in the area, many showed an "aloofness" and a reluctance to attend. These attitudes, said the doctor, sprang from "emotional factors which are partly based upon fact and partly upon false impressions and lack of information." The doctor detailed these factors:

"... the present image of the Harness Racing Fan does not permit identification for the average person. There is a prevailing belief [in Los Angeles] that Harness Races appeal to a group 'apart,' comprised of 'old cronies' who have a special understanding and affinity for this sport, dyed-in-the-wool fans, horse fanciers and people who enjoy 'watching' horse races rather than betting on them.

"The Harness Racing Fan is not only seen as someone who is different from oneself and one's close friends and associates, but [he] is also seen as someone one does not wish to be like. We find him described as a dull, noncompetitive, conservative type individual, getting on in years, lacking excitement qualities and the type of gumption or bravado which is often seen as an expression of masculinity."

Harness Racing is seen as "something of a Horse Show. People talk of the beauty and form of the horses in motion and the enjoyment of watching them." On the surface, the doctor wrote, this is complimentary, but it "tends to exclude from attending those who are more interested in wagering than in looking at beautiful horses. Again we find that the common man . . . feels he would be out of place at the Harness Races."

The betting opportunities are unsatisfactory. "Whereas there is a very strong and positive association between Thoroughbred Racing and the fun and excitement of gambling, Harness Races are found unsatisfactory in this respect by a sizable group of people. In response to our word association test, which asked people to say anything that ran through their minds as they heard the words 'Harness Races,' 43% of the respondents reacted with some expression of criticism of the gambling opportunities. This is a high percent when we consider that these responses were entirely voluntary and unsolicited."

Persons answered as they did because they believed the favorites "always win" in harness racing. "To the average person," the doctor wrote, "the excitement of gambling is comprised of extremes: 'You make a killing' or 'You go home broke.' Either result brings about 'satire,' the feeling that you have had your fill. Gambling loses in its appeal where the extreme element is absent." The respondents also were "disturbed by a driver restraining the horse on which their money is riding. The 'expert' may know that restraint is part skillful driving, but the average spectator merely feels that the driver is not 'all out to win' for him."

Finally, the harness racing term standardized fared poorly when compared with the word Thoroughbred. In the word-association test, Thoroughbred evoked "Beautiful, sleek, blue bloods, sired by the finest, best breeding, sport of kings," while standardized meant "something inferior."

Dr. Dichter presented a "blueprint for action." First, facilitate identification. "Immediate efforts should be devoted to building a positive image of the Harness Racing patron.

"The Harness Racing Fan should be portrayed as youthful, vigorous, masculine, fun-loving, and slightly roughish. He should be city-bred (to counteract the 'country bumpkin' identification), modern in outlook and appearance, but also down-to-earth and an 'average guy.'"

"In your advertisements, utilize people 'having fun' rather than the horse and sulky. . . . Whenever the horse and sulky are portrayed, this should be done in such a way as to suggest motion and speed. The driver should be shown leaning forward, rather than in a sitting and upright position, to counteract the impression that he is holding the horse back."

"Portray strongly masculine situations, such as a 'day off' with the 'fellows.' In such advertisements, stress pleasant social situations and care-free feelings. . . . Advertisements portraying men and women should present the women as 'dates,' 'sweethearts,' and 'girl friends.' . . . The important thing is to dispel a

man's fear that his wife will nag him about his gambling and a woman's fear that, instead of enjoying herself, she will worry about his losing too much. Promotion and publicity directed at women alone, particularly any ad directed at women, are likely to create undesirable effects. Harness Racing at present suffers from a lack of strong masculine identification and such promotion may reinforce this prejudice. . . . Even though this approach might seem to exclude women, many of our studies have shown that women find any activity which is aspposely for men twice as appealing."

The Los Angeles tracks acted immediately. Ads showed the driver leaning forward. Clothing designers whipped up styles that would turn wrinkled old men into virile characters, and before long, presto, drivers appeared in snap jackets, trim, close-fitting trousers and racing helmets (to convey the image of speed and danger). In case the public missed the point, the Western Harness Racing Association snapped up the most masculine model it could find, dressed him in white pants and flashy boots and slapped his picture on billboards. In a series of "get acquainted" ads, the association used 10 of its most successful—and youngest—drivers. Youth took over in press releases. "If 26-year-old Jones wins a race, we write a release exhorting his age," says a publicity man. "If an older guy wins, we don't mention the age."

Ads also spruced up the fun. On billboards reguish young men and their dates leaped from their seats at the track to exclaim, "It's Fun Time—Harness Racing." The association dreamed up a snappy slogan: "Win, Place, What a Show."

There are too many variables affecting attendance and handle to measure the value of Dr. Dichter's report in dollars and cents, but the association is well pleased. "He got us thinking," General Manager Pres Jessamine says. "He showed us what other people thought of our operation and the thing we're selling."

The doctor couldn't agree more. With satisfied clients like this, it's strictly rooty-toot-toot at the institute. **END**



This is Löwenbräu. It is brewed in Munich as it has been since the year 1383, from golden Bavarian barley, rich Hallertau hops and cold, crystal-pure waters from the nearby Alps. For a rare treat, a crowning experience, enjoy the unique flavour of original Löwenbräu—on draught or bottled, Light or Dark. Imported from Löwenbräu/Munich/Germany by Hans Holterbosch, Inc, New York 51, N. Y.

**Why is the
tide running
towards
Magazines?**



Photo by Robert

New interest in education, world affairs and better living has brought a **READING EXPLOSION of vital importance to business**

We keep hearing about the population explosion. Even more important for advertisers is the tremendous increase in reading. Magazine circulation in the last 20 years has gone up 45% faster than the adult population. The widely respected Harvard Business Review discovered that as the company grows, the executive reads more. "Readers are leaders," says the American Library Association. As today's family interests expand, we see every member of the family reading more and more, turning to magazines more and more.

Facing this great reading growth, we find more and more sales advertisers shifting the share of their advertising dollars toward magazines. For two years this share has increased. And in 1968, magazine advertising hit a new high, up 9%. Has your Company recently re-examined the sales advantages to you in magazine advertising? A call to your agency, the advertising department of any magazine, or to us will bring you the latest information. The Magazine Advertising Bureau, A Division of The Magazine Publishers Association, 141 Madison Ave., N.Y.

MAGAZINE READING AT ALL TIME HIGH

CHART NUMBER 101 shows the long growth in magazine circulation over the past 20 years up to 1968. 175 million copies are printed each. Millions even follow less growth faster than the population or education and home ownership increases. From 10 minutes a week, and even less, each adult reads longer and



Magazines Give People Ideas

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Injuries do not appear in the standings, but they often affect them. While Baltimore's Ben Grieve stood as injured hawk, Merv Thomasberry took his place at first base. In two games Thomasberry went 1 for 7, also made a mental error that lost a game. All in all, it was not safe being a first baseman in the AL. Five of the league's regulars—Grieve, Norm Cash of Detroit, Ray Stevens of Chicago, Bill Skowron of New York and Vic Wertz of Boston—were hurt. NL players were not immune either. Philadelphia Second Baseman Tony Taylor (dislocated thumb) and Pitcher Robin Roberts (crick knee) were put on the disabled list. Still, LA led the majors in casualties with 31. Things were so bad that in order to replace Catcher Norm Sherry the Dodgers had to get Doug Camilli of Spokane out of the hospital. There were no serious injuries, although several players had their pride bruised, in the All-Star Game. All that talk about Candlestick Park's wind seemed to be just so much hot air—until the eighth inning. Then the winds came and with them four errors and a balk (Sou Miller was hitely blown off the mound) by the NL in two innings. In the bottom of the 10th, however, Hank Aaron slugged, Willie Mays doubled, Roberto Clemente singled and the NL had two runs and a 5-4 win.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

To combat the wind and cold, some San Francisco fans bought shockproofed Candlestick Coats, recently marketed by a local company. "Similar coats," an advertise-

ment said, "have been found useful in climbing Everest and the Jungles." Happy with their new coats, these handy coats were also played by the Giants' two wins in three games with Pittsburgh. It took a grand-slam homer by Clemente for the Pirates to win even that one game. Milwaukee, too, won only once, thanks to fine relief work by Carlton Willey. St. Louis had the better relief pitching in the first two games—as well as Carl Sawatski's ninth-inning home run one day and an eight-run inning the next—to press within a game of the fifth-place Braves. Philadelphia beat Los Angeles in two of three and closed to within 28 games of the league-leading Reds. Chris Short pitched a complete game, the Phillies' first in 35 tries. The losses were as costly as they were embarrassing for the Dodgers, since they dropped six games behind Cincinnati. The Reds won two of three one-run games from the Cubs. Each Cincinnati homer or win at Crosley Field triggered a clangorous recording over the loudspeakers. Included in the deluge of noise were a woman's screams, bagpipes, bells, a siren and a creaking door. Chicago's lone win was in an 8-7 10-inning game in which Don Elton turned in his last relief job since June 2.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It took Willie Kirkland of Cleveland five days to hit five consecutive home runs. He hit three straight in the final game with Chicago before the All-Star break. In his first official at bat in his next game, five days later, he hit one off Pedro Ramos of Minne-



REGULARS AT LAST are Bobby Melnick (left) and Joe Koppe (right). Both drifted around majors before earning steady jobs.

sota. Billy Martin, now with his seventh major league club, made up for his falling arm by taking charge of the Twins' infield. Ted Lepcio, last year labeled by then-Philadelphia Manager Eddie Sawyer as "the worst player I ever saw," helped, too. His grand-slam home run beat the Indians and Kirkland 9-6. Chicago's four homers in one game against New York but lost 5-8, for the second time in three games. Those wins kept the Yankees barely in front of the Tigers. Chicago's ERA (.631) was its worst in a decade, but Baltimore (.556) took over the league lead in this department. Baltimore's best pitching of the week was wasted, however. Boston beat the Orioles 3-2 and 2-1 and took two of three games as Don Schwall won his eighth and Gene Cusley pitched a four-hitter. Detroit's Jim Bunning also had a four-hitter as he beat the Twins 2-1 for his 10th victory. One-hitter relief by Los Angeles' Art Fowler, plus Ed Sudowick's 12th-inning homer, gave the Angels their only win. Pete Quaresa, Washington owner, pointed with pride to his Senators' 18 victories and said, "Our record is a springboard, not a pillow." Kansas City GM Frank Lane gave the team the first inspirational-type clubhouse talk of his career. Kansas City then jumped on Washington's springboard and swept its first double-header in 12 tries.

THE ROOKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Carpenter, DL 306	Robinson, DL 302
Bats	W. Davis, LA 26	Nelson, KC 30
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Woods, DL 11
Errors	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Trips	W. Davis, LA 6	Woods, DL 6
Bats runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Errors	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Trips	W. Davis, LA 6	Woods, DL 6
Bats runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Errors	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Trips	W. Davis, LA 6	Woods, DL 6
Bats runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Errors	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Trips	W. Davis, LA 6	Woods, DL 6
Bats runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Errors	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Trips	W. Davis, LA 6	Woods, DL 6
Bats runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
Runs	Williams, DL 12	Hunt, LA 11
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OPEN TENNIS

Sir:
Well, you saw what happened after your first article on tennis (*Open the Door, Sachin!*) July 10)—the bigwigs decided not to decide. It wasn't your fault, though; keep on trying.

PHILIP WHITMAN

New York City

■ Thanks—we saw. See *SCOREBOARD* (page 9)—ED.

Sir:

There is only one solution: abolish Kriegerized tennis entirely. Like most tennis fans I am sick and tired of pros and their meaningless perfection.

DAVID GARRITY

Delano, Calif.

Sir:

I am most distressed by your remark that I "thought so little of Wimbledon that I preferred to remain behind in Paris seeing Maria Bueno through a haze of juncos." I had more than a "lackluster concern" for the Wimbledon championship. I am sure that I am joined by all players in the opinion that Wimbledon is by far the "greatest." Maria's juncos and my own similar attack were both *not* my luck.

DARLENE HARD

Long Beach, Calif.

TON OF TOSSEBS

Sir:

I would consider it a great favor if you would let me know the names of the "ton" of U.S. shotputters capable of beating the Russians (*SCOREBOARD*, July 10).

OLGA CONNELLY

Santa Monica, Calif.

■ Mrs. Connolly, wife of nontraveling hammer thrower Harold, should know them. They are Dave Davis, 260 pounds, and Gary Gubner, 235, with official 1961 tosses of 58 feet 2 inches and 60 feet 9 inches, respectively, along with eight other 200-plus-pounders: Jay Silverstein (61 feet 1 1/4 inches), Chuck Brannon (59 feet 9 inches), John Fry (58 feet 10 1/2 inches), Jerry Winters (58 feet 8 1/4 inches), Ed Nuring (58 feet 5 1/2 inches), Don Smith (58 feet 3 1/2 inches), Dick Coase (58 feet 1 inch) and Bob Humphreys (58 feet 1/2 inch). Altogether, they give the U.S. track team at least 2,115 pounds

of shotput talent to match the U.S.S.R.'s Varanaukas' premier toss of 57 feet 11 1/4 inches.—ED.

ON THE BEAM

Sir:

Roger Kahn's mixture of irony and insight gave you one of the best articles you have ever printed (*Baseball's Secret Weapon: Terro*, July 10).

ROGER HARRINGTON

Rehby, Md.

Sir:

Excellent job but Joe Adcock chased Ruben Gomez to the Giant dagger, not to the over-the-field area.

EDWARD L. MARCOS

Milwaukee

Sir:

In my baseball days, 25 years ago, whenever a pitcher threw at my head, my knees would tremble and the palms of my hands would perspire profusely. On the next pitch I would take a healthy cut at the ball and the hot would somehow slip from my hands and fly directly at the pitcher. I have often wondered why, after a few such incidents, I would more than likely draw a base on balls.

JOHN L. BAUTO

Brownsville, Texas

Sir:

In the account of how Mr. Jackie Robinson (205 pounds) courageously maimed Davey Williams (163 pounds) Mr. Kahn neglected to mention what occurred later with Davey's roommate, Alvin Dark. If memory serves me correctly, Alvin doubled but never showed down at second. Instead, he headed for third base, where Mr. Robinson was stationed, and proceeded to relieve Jackie of the ball, his equilibrium and some of his abundant courage as well.

MARION D. LEWIS

Monroe, La.

Sir:

I'm wondering how the man could write such a story without once mentioning the Red's Frank Robinson, the National League pitchers' favorite "day pigeon." He is always set or scored in the league's HPR column and has been hit on the head only seven times in his short (nine years) professional career.

GERALD POWERS

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

The best way to stop the bear ball is to give the man hit two bases.

C. G. POOLE

Ottawa, Ill.

SWEAT, STRENGTH—AND BEAUTY

Sir:

I can't sit by and see you ridicule bodybuilding (*Truth and Beauty*, July 10).

It takes sweat and strength to build muscles. That's why our country is full of athletes.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Bedfordwoods, Pa.

Sir:

While only 2% of this country's weight lifters are rejected for military service, 30% of today's American youth is rejected.

ARMAND LA MARR

EDWARD JUVENILE

Holjote, Mass.

INSIDE CATALINA

Sir:

In listing the forms of transportation to Santa Catalina Island (*A Local South Sea Isle*, July 10), you neglected to mention for the benefit of private flyers its unique Airport in the Sky—a facility that gives pilots the opportunity to see much more of Catalina than the average visitor.

ROBERT D. SIKKER

Avon, Calif.

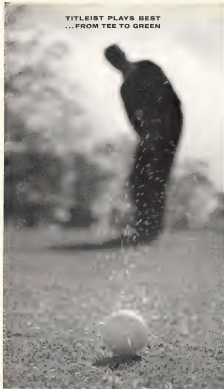
■ Santa Catalina's Airport in the Sky offers the private pilot a 1,250-foot hard-

continued



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18TH HOLE *continued*

surface runway and limousine service (30 minutes to Avalon). The airport operates in daylight only (8 a.m. to sunset) and needs two-way radio (UNICOM frequency 122.8 mc.).—ED.

STUFFED IMMORTALS

Sir:

The real reason the trophy hunter (*They K'n Them with Knives*, July 10) looks for the big heads and gets them mounted is not to get his name in the record book, nor to impress his friends but because he loves the animals and wants to make them immortal. Each of these keeps fresh the memory of an exciting walk in beautiful country.

JACK O'CONNOR

Levittown, Idaho

Sir:

Hunter or fisherman, it's good to hear praise of a trophy, but the big satisfaction is one's own admiration. What is as sleek and awesome as a great polar bear or a slaving snake? They are worthy of a wall.

JOHN W. STANTON

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir:

The "strictly pure" trophy hunter is, at best, a businessman; the jungle is his Wall Street. He checks the SAC report, and then searches the jungle market until he "obtains" his objective. No sport is involved, no real competition, only tedious searching, with a question of time before the item can be displayed in the animal entrepreneur's office—another addition to the carnival midway motif.

ARTHUR D. AUSTIN

New Orleans

Sir:

The egocentric, psychopathic urge that prompts a man to satisfy his lust for being a big boy by killing animals for trophies should be resolved on a couch, not in the wilderness.

RELL TOPORCER

Perfield, N.Y.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

Sir:

Orange Bowl TV Chairman Patrice says, "Television, which has been of vast benefit to bowl games, is now becoming a menace" (*Sportsman*, July 3). Does this mean that bowl games will soon emulate the splendid example of bowl TV blackout that Milwaukee uses in baseball? It's a surefire way to make friends with senior citizens, who find it either very difficult or downright impossible to go to a game, and to earn admirers among the avid sports fans who have neither time nor money enough to take them all in. At the same time, TV blackouts perform a "public service" to the pouch of our

country—by reducing emphasis (and interest) in sports.

If consumers were organized, a healthy boycott of the bowl games, on TV or off, would curb such greedy motives. As it is, I wish more fans would speak up on this issue, and I sincerely hope *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will be a staunch defender of TV sporting events in opposition to greed via blackout.

ANNE C. RAYLEN

Test 2 has an advantage:

CLIFF-FOOTED KIDS

Since

Thank you for the complimentary article (*The Days Grow the More*, June 12). However, in all fairness to Harvard, I feel I must clarify my statement that "I wasn't too sure of the trade between" those

At University of Toronto I will have many more opportunities to compete at the longer distances than I would have had at Harvard, and I can still have Fred Foot as my coach. But Harvard does have a good track program, which produces many fine performers. It doesn't deserve any negative publicity.

Heaven, K. 2000.

Tercido

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Survival

Three cheers for Gerald Holland's delightful article on Winch Jacobs, racing's greatest trainer, and his family and his colorful, outspoken partner, Colonel Huber ("See, Slaughter and Smoke," June 26). If Hal is Reason hadn't broken down, he would have been a Kentucky Derby winner for the attractive Patriot Jacobs.

JEREMY GOODMAN

Leavenworth

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PAT ON THE BACK



JIM HAJEK

'We're in charge'

All any youngster really needs to be happy on a summer day is a bat, a ball and a vacant lot. Balls and bats are not too difficult to come by these days, but the right vacant lot is as rare as an Indian-head penny. True, most towns have civic playing fields set aside for kids, but more often than not they are booked solid. And what's even sadder from the kids' point of view is that when one is available there is usually some grown-up in charge of things.

In Seattle not long ago a group of en-

terprising youngsters, led by 15-year-old Jim Hajek (above center), put their minds to finding a vacant lot—and found one. They got permission to use it, cleared and mowed it, and then, with donated lumber and paint, built their very own ball park, complete with backstop, benches and scoreboard. "We're in charge here," says Jim. "No dads tell us what to do." And in final proof that modern kids can do pretty well if left to themselves, he adds, "Why, sometimes we even let the girls play."

9 out of 10 COME BACK AGAIN FOR NATIONWIDE CAR INSURANCE

(New Survey Also Reveals What Happens to Number 10)

Nationwide opens its books. Here are the facts: more than 24 million people insure their cars with us. Their policies come up for renewal every six months. Our figures show that at these intervals, 9 out of 10 Nationwide policyholders choose to come back with us. That's an amazing record of customer satisfaction. But we also wanted to find out: *What happens to Number 10?* So we talked with our customers—some obviously satisfied, some not.

Exploding some misconceptions. Our survey, conducted through personal interviews in Ohio, reveals that "people are considerably confused" about our insurance—"not only as to coverage, but as to the actual price they're paying." (That's understandable. The standard auto policy permits more than 900 possible combinations of coverage.) The study also shows that many people think all companies are alike...rates are the same...coverage is the same...claims are paid at generally the same speed. Not so. Nationwide's rates are generally lower than most. Our coverage is generally broader. Our claims payment record is among the very best. One reason: Nationwide policyholders, through their own advisory committees, work with management to recommend the product, price and service standards they expect from their company.

Eye-opening facts about rates. Some policyholders leave us because they "believe they are getting a better rate." Yet the most surprising fact turned up in our survey was this: *More than a third of these people are actually paying rates*

higher than the Nationwide rate and/or have less coverage. The survey proved that Nationwide is "competitive from a price standpoint."

Unanimous okay of our coverage: Interesting, too, is the fact that not a single person in our sample said he was unhappy with the coverage offered by Nationwide. Why? Our basic auto policy, the CENTURY, includes the most worthwhile features of every policy on the market. The CENTURY offers 15 important extra benefits, while Company "B" provides only 9 of these, Company "A" only 10, and the standard policy of most companies offers only 7. Also, in many states, we offer a choice of (1) a regular rating plan or (2) a merit-rating plan (where your own driving record determines your rate). Few other organizations offer your own choice of plans.

What about claims service? We expected that some people might say they were dissatisfied with claims settlements. But our study reveals "this is not one of the major complaints." The vast majority of Nationwide customers are satisfied with our "fast, fair, friendly claims service." Here's why: *more than half are paid within 24 hours after we receive proof of loss, two thirds within 72 hours.* Also, we pioneered the idea of drive-in claims stations. If you have an accident in any of the 44 areas where these stations are located, just drive in with your claim, drive out with your check.

What happens to Number 10? Significantly, 41.8% of those who we thought had left us were simply late

in paying their premium, and were later reinstated! The second most important reason for leaving: "The policyholder sold his car, or wasn't using it." No car, no insurance. Some folks were "financially embarrassed." Some died. And there were others whose relatives went into the insurance business. Who can compete with an uncle?

Why 9 come back again and again. Our customers obviously like our coverage, our low rates, our fast performance in paying claims. They like the way we do business. And they also like the things we stand for. "I feel much closer to Nationwide as a policyholder," says an esthetician/advisory committee member, "and I feel I have a part, or can have a part, in its formulation of ideas any time I want." Who is Nationwide's most satisfied car insurance customer? Our new survey says it's the man who has other policies with us. Nationwide's SECURITY covers just about everything—life, health, home, property, as well as your car. Nationwide is a good buy no matter what the coverage.

Should you switch to Nationwide? If you do, the chances are you'll be switching to more liberalized coverage than you now own...to lower rates...to faster service. See your Nationwide agent for full details.



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Stakes races through August 6

JULY 29

Lakes and Flowers Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Hatchcock Steeplechase Handicap, \$10,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

JULY 31

Michigan Futurity, \$10,000 added, 2-year-olds, 3½ furlongs, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

JULY 31

Brooklyn Handicap, \$100,000 added, 2-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Hollywood Juvenile Championship, \$100,000 added, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Mosmouth Oaks, \$50,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 1 1/8 miles, Mosmouth Park, N.J.

Equipoise Mile, \$30,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile, Arlington Park, Ill.

New Castle Stakes, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/16 miles, Delaware Park, Del.

My Night Out Handicap, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

Bison City Stakes, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds, 6½ furlongs, Fort Erie, Ont.

Denver-Hilton Hotel Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 miles, Centennial Race Track, Colo.

King Saxon Handicap, \$4,000 purse, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, ThistleDown, Ohio.

The Juveniles, \$1,500 purse, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs, ThistleDown, Ohio.

JULY 23

State of New Mexico Stakes, \$2,500 added, 3-year-olds, 6½ furlongs, La Mesa Park, N.M.

JULY 24

Sunset Handicap, \$75,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Money Broker Handicap, \$5,000 added, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

JULY 26

Midsummer Hardie Handicap, \$22,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 2 miles, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Gravesend Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Caesar Rodney Stakes, \$10,000 added, 2-year-old colts and geldings, 5 1/2 furlongs, Delaware Park, Del.

Bonafide Stakes, \$7,500 added, 2-year-old fillies, 5 1/2 furlongs, Fort Erie, Ont.

Wonderland Purse, \$3,000 added, 3-year-old colts and geldings, 1 mile, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

JULY 28

Delaware Handicap, \$110,000 minimum added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 miles, Delaware Park, Del.

Man o' War Handicap, \$100,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, turf, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Arlington Futurity, \$100,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 6 furlongs, Arlington Park, Ill.

Sorority Stakes, \$100,000 guaranteed, 2-year-old fillies, 6 furlongs, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Oceanside Handicap, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Del Mar, Calif.

Wolverine Handicap, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

Fair Play Stakes, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile, turf, Fort Erie, Ont.

Lake Erie Handicap, \$6,000 purse, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 miles, Thistle Downs, Ohio.

Columbine Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 mile, Centennial Race Track, Colo.

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THOROUGHbred EVENTS continued

JULY 30

Spokane Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 mile, Longacres, Wash.

JULY 31

Flash Stakes, \$25,000 added, 2-year-olds, 5½ furlongs, Saratoga, N.Y.

AUGUST 1

Mayflower Hotel Handicap, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds and up, 5 furlongs, Centennial Race Track, Colo.

AUGUST 2

Choice Stakes, \$30,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Monmouth Park, N.J.

Pucker Up Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 1 mile, Arlington Park, Ill.

Junior Miss Stakes, \$10,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 6 furlongs, Del Mar, Calif.

AUGUST 3

Beverlywyck Steeplechase Handicap, \$15,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2¼ miles, Saratoga, N.Y.

AUGUST 5

Sapling Stakes, \$100,000 guaranteed, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Monmouth Park, N.J.

American Derby, \$100,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1¼ miles, Arlington Park, Ill.

Alabama Stakes, \$50,000 added, 3-year-old fillies, 1¼ miles, Saratoga, N.Y.

San Diego Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 miles, Del Mar, Calif.

Canadian Handicap, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 miles, Fort Erie, Ont.

Heroxy Stakes, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds, 1 mile, turf, Fort Erie, Ont.

Brown Palace Hotel Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 mile, Centennial Race Track, Colo.

Summer Tan Handicap, \$4,000 purse, 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs, ThistleDown, Ohio.

Ohio Students, \$1,000 purse, 2-year-olds, 6 furlongs, ThistleDown, Ohio.

AUGUST 6

Speed Handicap, \$5,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Longacres, Wash.

END

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Olympic Bridesmaid

Ralph Metcalfe, best sprinter of the early '30s, won everything but the race that really counted

by ARLIE W. SCHARDT

He was the world's fastest human. He held or shared every world track record from 40 to 220 yards. He won more national sprint championships than any athlete before or since. Yet Ralph Metcalfe never won an individual Olympic gold medal and as a consequence his name is remembered by few people other than track enthusiasts.

Writers in the 1930s marveled at Metcalfe's "surging power, smooth start and tremendous pickup" which epitomized "the beauty and symmetry of human speed." They were amazed that a man

so big (5 feet 11, 180 pounds) could travel so fast. One avid columnist called Metcalfe, whose heavily toned body was molded along classic Grecian lines, "a mass of rippling and perfectly coordinated muscles."

Metcalfe had his first opportunity to win an Olympic gold medal, and immortality, in 1932 when he was a 22-year-old at Marquette University. "Ralph was, to a large extent, a natural runner," his coach, Con Jennings, recalls. "He was a real power sprinter who dug deep with his spikes. He ran with form of arm action, and his body leaned forward and drove vigorously. The only thing he needed when he first came to Marquette was help with his start. We experimented freely, and found Ralph did best by bunching his body to bring his feet closer together and his hips higher."

Continued



METCALFE (TOP) AND TOLAN STRAIN TO HIT TAPE AT END OF 1932 OLYMPIC 100 METERS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JULY 24, 1965

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Olympic Bridesmaid continues

With his new starting technique, Metcalfe raced through his first college season in spectacular style, going undefeated in the Central Collegiate, Drake Relays, NCAA and AAU championships and, finally, the Olympic trials. Since Metcalfe had won the trials in the 100-meter dash by two full steps, he was favored to repeat in the actual Games.

But Coach Jennings was worried. "Ralph always had to work very hard at the start of training," he says, "though once in shape he could maintain a peak for weeks. He was in good shape when he reported for the team, but they kept working him very hard, and it probably wasn't too good for him."

Over 60,000 people jammed the Los Angeles Coliseum to watch the 100-meter finals on Aug. 1, 1932. The sky was a brilliant blue as the six finalists dug their starting holes in the springy crushed-peat track.

It took three short vicious strides for Metcalfe to get his body under way. His size generally caused him to lag slightly behind his rivals at the start of a race, but once he started moving Metcalfe usually gained steadily and pulled away near the finish.

This time, however, when Metcalfe slurred through the tape at the end of the race, he was not alone. Stubby little Eddie Tolan, himself a national champion at Michigan, had hit the finish line with him.

Preemature champion

Many observers, waiting for the judges to examine the photos, thought Metcalfe had won, for he had caught Tolan at the 80-meter mark and seemed to be sweeping past him at the finish. Tickers at every seat in the press box clattered the news around the world that Ralph Metcalfe was an Olympic champion, while the slightly mustached sprinter himself posed graciously for photographers on the green infield.

Finally the judges announced their decision. The winner was Eddie Tolan. Metcalfe stiffened, then slumped. Then he ran to embrace a wildly happy Tolan. The race is still argued about today, since present rules would call it a dead heat. But in 1932 the runner whose entire torso crossed the line first was the winner. Tolan, who had crossed the finish with his body erect, was chosen over Metcalfe, who was desperately leaning forward. Both had hit the



SPRINT CHAMPS In 1932, Metcalfe (left) and Tolan grin after Olympic 100 meters.

string in the same 100th of a second and both were timed in 10.3 seconds.

"It was a long wait until we knew," the deep-voiced Metcalfe said recently. "I thought I had won. It was just one of those unfortunate things. Besides, there was still the 200."

Two days later Tolan and Metcalfe crouched in lanes 1 and 2 for the 200-meter finals. As the two Negroes whipped out of the top of the curve, the gum-chewing Tolan, horn-rimmed glasses held on by white adhesive tape, left knee bound in a tight white bandage to keep it warm, hammered past Metcalfe. Startled, Metcalfe chopped his stride in a frantic effort to speed up. Instead, he lost the relaxed control that brought him power, and finished third, while Tolan sped to a world-record 21.2.

Charley Paddock, America's 1920 Olympic sprint champion who was reporting the Games from the press box, sensed that something was wrong. He discovered that due to a mistake in lane measurements (the race was run from a staggered start) Metcalfe had run several feet too far.

"Ralph had always had an unusually calm temperament," says Coach Jennings. "But he just couldn't visualize Tolan whizzing past him so quickly and he became panic-stricken. That was the only time he ever tightened up."

Metcalfe adds, "I started from a relay marker. When Eddie passed me, I tensed up. If I'd realized that mistake I would have relaxed, and might have won."

Had such an accident involved runners from more than one country, an in-



SPRINT CHAMPS is 1936, Metcalfe (left) and Owens grapple for AAU 100-meter dash.

ternational incident would have resulted. But only Americans were involved, so no protest was made. Metcalfe has often been praised for the restraint he displayed, and he is still hesitant to discuss either incident. "I was well taught the proper attitude of sportsmanship, and I tried not to dwell on it. I just wanted another chance in the 1936 Olympics."

"Ralph was discouraged for a while," Jennings says. "It temporarily affected him. But he was willing, then anxious, to try again."

In 1933 and 1934 Metcalfe showed everyone that he was the "world's fastest human." In the 1933 NCAA meet he ran 100 yards in 9.4 seconds, to equal the world record, then tore through the 220 in 20.4, to set a new one. With double victories in both the AAU and NCAA meets in 1934, he became the only man in history to sweep both championships three times. He made an undefeated tear through Europe in 1933 and the Orient in 1934. Indoors, he answered critics who said he had a slow start by running 40 yards in 4.3 seconds, 60 yards in 6.1 and 70 yards in 7.0.

By the time he began training for the 1936 Olympics, Metcalfe had used up his college eligibility. In three years he had lost only one varsity race. Now he was hampered by two problems, one as old as himself, the other new.

The old one was money. Metcalfe had always held a job since he was 7. In grade school he had worked as an errand boy for a tailor, delivery boy for a grocer and helper on a vegetable wagon. He had to be in bed by 7:30 to be up for

continued

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Olympic Bridesmaid *continued*

work at 3:30 a.m. "It was usually still light outside as I went to bed, and more than once when I heard the kids playing outside I wanted to cry."

While at Tilden Tech in Chicago, where he graduated in the regular four years despite a job clerking in a fish market three days a week, he won every interscholastic title available, including the national interscholastic 100-yard dash in 9.8 seconds and the 220 in 21 flat. It was his desire to go to college, but Metcalfe felt he should get a full-time job. He did not enroll at Marquette

he owed it to his family to help out as long as possible. The result was costly.

"I never reached my peak," Metcalfe says. "I had only an hour a day to train. It was a cold spring, and I pulled a muscle in the AAU meet."

In the U.S. Olympic trials at Randall's Island, N.Y., however, he qualified for the 100 meters by finishing second to Jesse Owens. But he missed making the Olympic team in the 220 meters when he finished fourth. Ironically, Metcalfe had won an unprecedented fifth consecutive AAU 200-meter championship only the week before.

The 1936 Olympics in Berlin was



METCALFE (LEFT) AND OWENS STRAIN TO HIT TAPE AT END OF 1936 OLYMPIC 100 METERS

until his mother urged him to "go get an education, and become the world champion, too."

A job as waterboy and trainer for the football, basketball and track teams at Marquette paid \$40 a month toward books, transportation and a room ("I learned to economize"). In his white sweater and white ducks, and huskier than the usual waterboy, Metcalfe became a familiar figure on the campus as he trotted out to tend to the needs of the Marquette varsity teams. In spring, when he combined rubdown duties for the track squad with his own training, he was of necessity the first to arrive and the last to leave every practice.

By 1936 he was working as an attendant at a rental home. This job took 48 hours a week from the time he needed for his studies at Marquette and left him little time to train.

The new problem that hampered Metcalfe was the lack of track meets open to noncollege athletes. The two factors led to a critical delay in the start of his training. Coach Jennings pleaded with Metcalfe to quit his job, but Ralph felt

the setting for Jesse Owens' magnificent triple victory. It might have been spoiled had not Metcalfe been virtually eliminated at the start of the 100. "The starter held us a bit and I began to sway forward," he remembers. "Just as I swayed back to regain my balance the gun fired. I was last at the 50, but finished second to Jesse by a yard. Another 10 yards and I might have beaten him." A week later, running a world-record 10.3 at Cologne, he did.

Ralph Metcalfe's try for an Olympic gold medal was at least partially realized, though, when he teamed with Owens, Foy Draper and Frank Wycoff at Berlin to set a record in the 400-meter relay. That shared gold medal was the culmination of 16 years of dedicated training and genuine sacrifice.

Metcalfe has done well since his retirement from track. He recently began his second term as alderman of Chicago's third ward. His present success has been helped by a realization he came to as a result of his athletic experience. "My finish was my strongest feature. I sometimes depended too much on it." **END**



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